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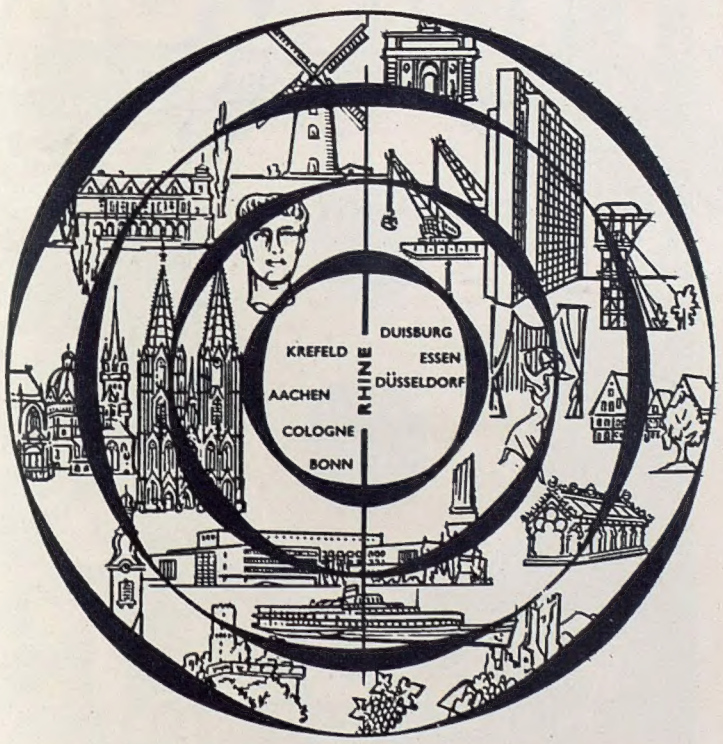

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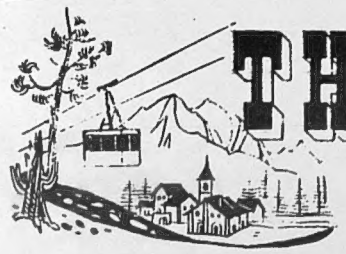

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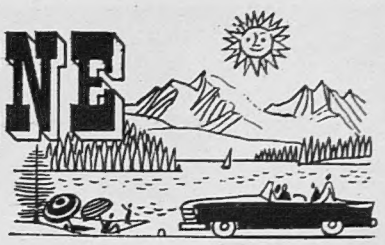

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ALBERT SMITH

Albert Smith is a wayleave officer with the Central Electricity Generating Board. His job is to obtain a wayleave, or right of way, for new transmission lines across the country. This brings him into contact with all kinds of people: farmers, landowners, householders, and the men who act on their behalf—solicitors, county planning officers, guardians of public amenities. Let's look at a typical day in the life of Albert Smith...

MORNING: A drive into the hills—but not for pleasure. A new transmission line is to be run from a power station on the coast to join the National Grid system 40 miles away. That means Albert Smith must talk to a lot of people before new power for thousands can become a reality.

LUNCH TIME: Lunch for Albert Smith is just an extension of work. Today he meets an old established firm of solicitors to discuss matters connected with the erection of towers on private land—compensation may be one of them.

AFTERNOON: A quick call on the County Council office to check the route of the proposed transmission line. The most direct route is seldom the one eventually chosen: there are too many factors to be taken into consideration for that. But diversions from straight routes cost a great deal of money, so economy has always to be balanced against amenities. In recent years, CEGB wayleave officers have had to negotiate 2673 separate agreements before 430 miles of power lines could be constructed.

TEA TIME: A visit to the local landowner whose extensive woods and valleys occupy an important part of a proposed new transmission route. The Generating Board places great importance on human contact, for a friendly word over a cup of tea is worth a thousand formal letters.

AND SO. HOME: Home, perhaps, to an evening of TV—made possible, like so many things, by power. Power which Albert Smith tries every day to make available to others—without infringing lawful rights or spoiling natural amenities.

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Volume CCXLIX No. 3229

THE SPHERE

LONDON, April 21, 1962

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

PRINCESS IN MIDDLESBROUGH

Princess Margaret listens with interest as Dr. L. M. Shorvon, the consultant in charge of the new cobalt bomb unit for the treatment of cancer and other diseases, explains in detail the equipment at North Ormesby Hospital, Middlesbrough. Acting as patient is Miss Myra Thompson, a radiographer. Thousands of people lined the route to see Princess Margaret visit the hospital on Tuesday of last week to open the new unit. She said that the generosity of the local people was largely responsible for the £27,000 unit which makes available to Tees-side much improved facilities for the radio therapy treatment of many types of cancer. Princess Margaret announced that a legacy of £4,000 from a retired Middlesbrough crane driver had enabled the hospital to order two additional pieces of equipment of revolutionary design. When they were brought into use, the unit, she believed, would be unique in the world

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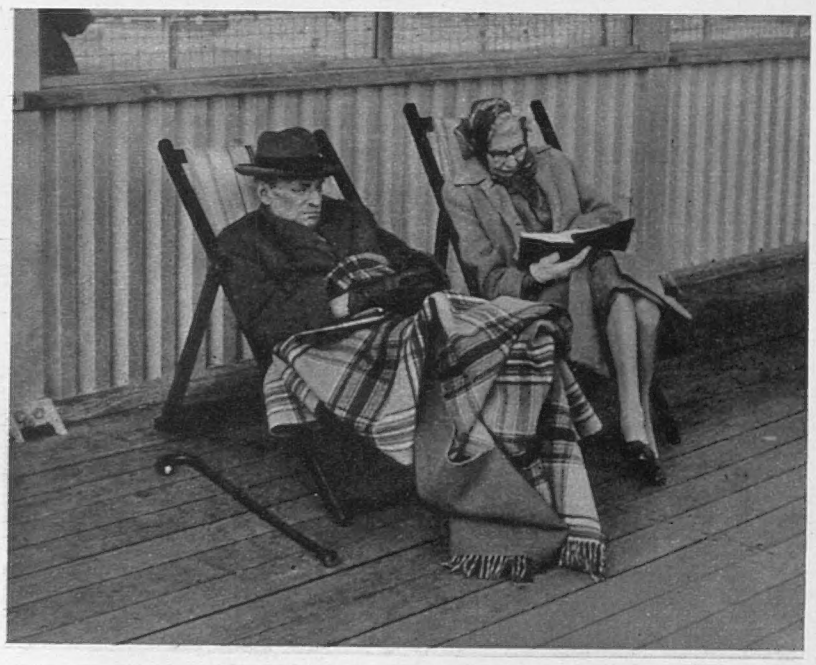
Greek Cypriots march through the capital of Cyprus in a parade to mark the seventh anniversary of the launching of the Eoka rising. Similar parades were held in many other towns. Another ceremony in Nicosia was the opening by President Makarios of an Eoka museum which contains 1,000 exhibits commemorating the liberation fight. Originally Eoka's much-proclaimed aim was "Enosis" (union with Greece) and its members were as bitterly opposed to the Turkish Cypriot Community as to the British. When, as a result of the London conference of 1959, the Greek and Turkish Cypriots became reconciled and independence was achieved, the constitution specifically forbade the advocacy of Enosis. Recently in Cyprus there has been an apparent resurgence of Enosis propaganda. This has led to a deterioration in the relations between the Greek and Turkish communities

AN EOKA DAY PARADE IN NICOSIA TO MARK THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE START OF THE FIGHT FOR INDEPENDENCE

Below right: In a shelter on the pier at Bournemouth Lord Attlee enjoys a short sleep and Lady Attlee reads a book. They are spending a holiday by the sea in Hampshire. Late last year both were in hospital. Lord Attlee, who was seventy-nine in January, led the Labour Party to its great electoral victory in 1945 and was Prime Minister until 1951. For the next four years he led the Opposition in the House of Commons. On retiring, in 1955, he accepted a peerage



A SEASIDE NAP FOR AN ELDER STATESMAN

Far right: Mao Tse-tung, the Chairman of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, shakes hands with a delegate to the Party Congress in the Chinese capital. Behind him on the left, also greeting delegates, is Liu Shao-chi, the Chairman of the People's Republic of China. From the evidence of the photograph, Mao appears to have lost weight recently. Up to the end of last week little reliable information could be obtained about the Congress. The proceedings were held in the greatest secrecy

A HANDSHAKE IN PEKIN

IN ALGIERS AND PARIS

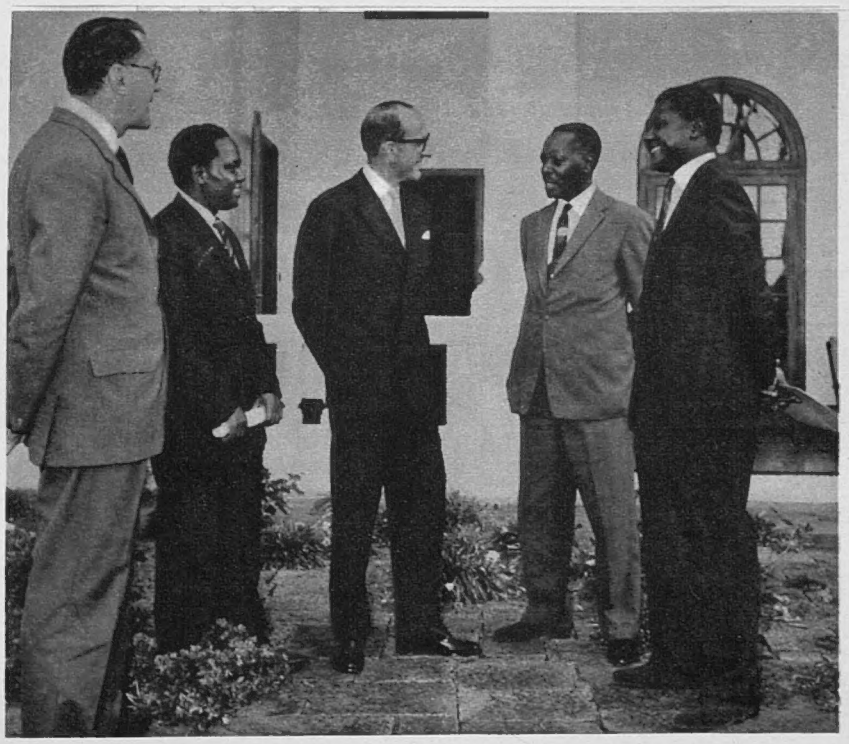
M. Christian Fouchet, the High Commissioner in Algeria, meets M. Abderrahmane Farès, President of the Provisional Executive of Algeria which was appointed to implement the terms in the cease-fire in the civil war. **Far right:** Ex-General Jouhaud smokes a cigarette as he arrives for his trial before the High Military Tribunal in Paris. He was about to face charges, some carrying the death penalty, for his part in the leadership of the Secret Army Organisation. The ex-General was arrested last month

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, wears a protective mask round his neck to guard against poisonous fumes in Anglo-American Corporation's new zinc and lead smelting furnace at the Rhodesia Broken Hill Development Company's plant at Broken Hill in Northern Rhodesia. This was opened by Sir Roy last week. Broken Hill is Sir Roy's parliamentary constituency, and he will defend it in next week's Federal Elections

SIR ROY WELENSKY OPENS A FURNACE ON HIS HOME GROUND

Below right: From left after a swearing-in ceremony at Government House in Nairobi, Kenya's capital, are: Mr. Webb, Attorney-General, one of the two official Ministers in the new Coalition administration; Mr. Mati of Kanu, the Minister for Health and Housing; the acting Governor, Mr. Griffith-Jones; Mr. Gichuru, Minister for Finance, and Mr. Mboya, Minister for Labour, both of Kanu. Mr. Mboya said that he was asking the Kenya Federation of Labour for leave of absence from his post as the Federation's General Secretary for the duration of the Coalition Government. **Far right:** Mr. Griffith-Jones with Mr. Kenyatta, the leader of Kanu, the Minister for Constitutional Affairs and Economic Planning. It was said later that the seven Kanu and seven Kadu ministers would each have a Parliamentary Secretary drawn from the opposing party



KENYA'S ACTING GOVERNOR WITH FOUR NEW MINISTERS . . .

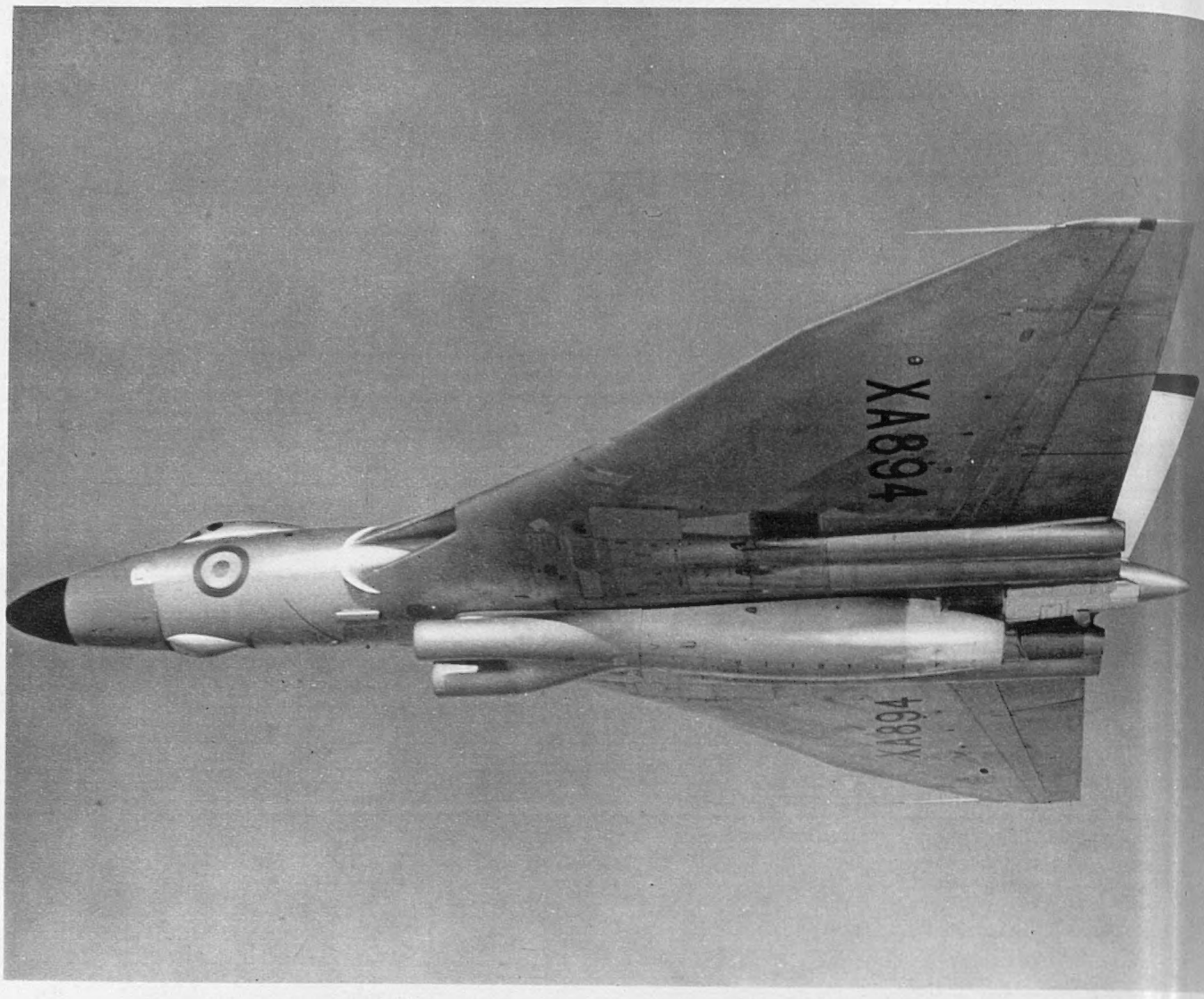
. . . AND ANOTHER ONE

Below right: The members of the U.N. sub-committee on Colonialism appointed to come to London to discuss the question of "self-government" in Southern Rhodesia are seen at the Foreign Office. From left, in the front, are Mr. Slim of Tunisia; Dr. C. S. Jha of India; Mr. S. Coulibaly of Mali, and Dr. I. S. Sucre of Venezuela. In the back row are (left) Mr. N. Rifai of Syria and Mr. A. Z. N. Swai of Tanganyika. They met British Ministers concerned for "friendly" talks, but were told that the Southern Rhodesia constitution would not now be changed by Britain

Far right: M. Adoula, the Prime Minister of the Congolese Central Government, speaks to the Press on the difficulties encountered in his prolonged discussions with M. Tshombe, the President of the Province of Katanga, on the subject of the reintegration of that province in the Congo state. Lack of progress in these six-week-old talks had been making M. Adoula's position increasingly difficult. At the beginning of April he narrowly averted a general strike which could have brought down his Government. Last week M. Tshombe seemed in conciliatory mood. His spokesman stated that the Katanga delegation in Leopoldville were ready to renounce certain of their sovereign prerogatives, and also said that M. Adoula "inspires confidence in us and seems well disposed to us"

DR. JHA AND THE U.N. SUB-COMMITTEE ON COLONIALISM

HOPE FOR M. ADOULA?



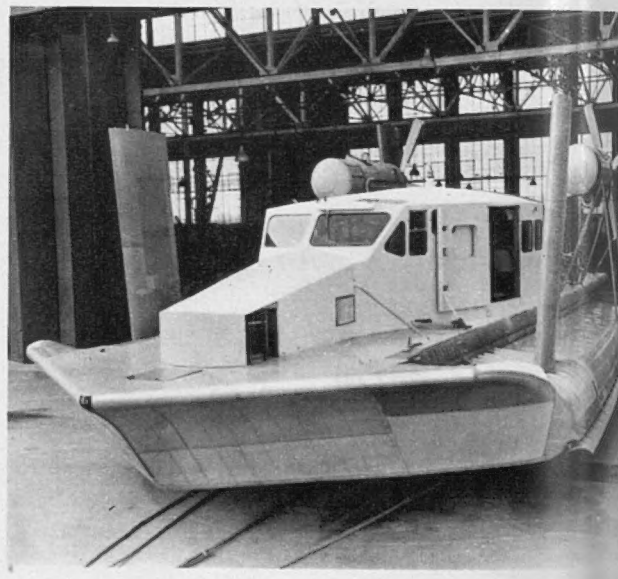
FLIGHT TESTING A SUPERSONIC JET ENGINE

Mounted beneath the fuselage of a Vulcan B.1 "flying test bed" is the supersonic Bristol Siddeley Olympus engine, during flight tests of the engine, which is being developed for the B.A.C.'s TSR-2 supersonic strike and reconnaissance aircraft for the R.A.F. It was announced by the Government that the TSR-2, a highly advanced replacement for the Canberra, will fly next year. Derived from this engine is the Olympus 593, which is under consideration as the power unit for a civil supersonic jet airliner

Below right: The Denny Brothers' immersed sidewall experimental hovercraft D1 moves across Southampton Water on a trial run. It came south last week from the Clyde where it was constructed. The D1, which was built by Dennys in collaboration with Hovercraft Developments Ltd., of Hythe, is powered by two 50-h.p. engines of the outboard type. The lift fans run from two more engines

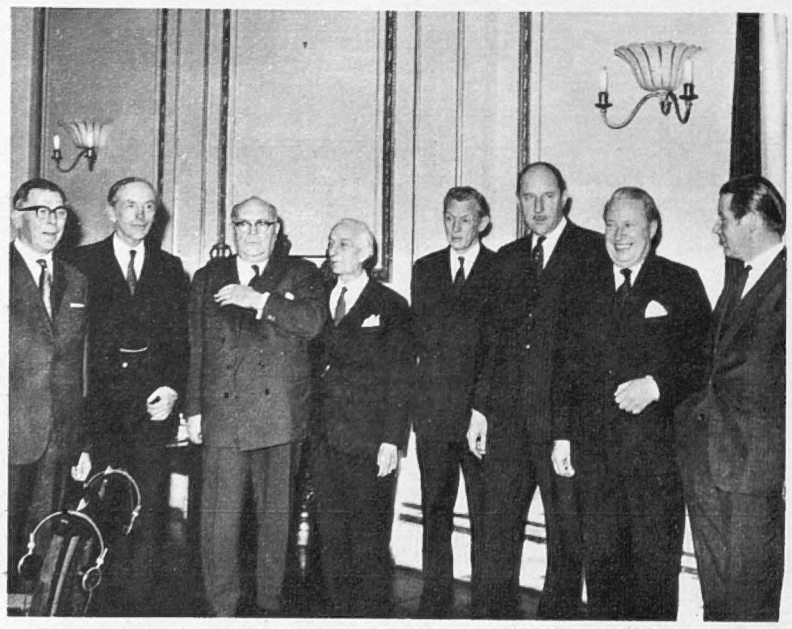
Far right: The Vickers VA-3 hovercraft is towed out of its hangar at the firm's South Marston works, near Swindon, to make its public debut. It was announced recently that the VA-3 will be operated by British United Airways this summer on the world's first scheduled Hovercraft service, across the Dee estuary between Hoylake, in Wirral, and Rhyl, on the North Wales coast. The machine weighs 11 tons, and is powered by four Blackburn 603 Turmo gas turbines. Two of these provide the lift and the other two the propulsion, to give a cruising speed of 70 m.p.h. The VA3 hovercraft can carry twenty-five passengers. (Another Vickers "air cushion" application is on page 113)

AN EXPERIMENTAL HOVERCRAFT ON SOUTHAMPTON WATER



HOVERCRAFT FOR FIRST SCHEDULED PUBLIC SERVICE

Below right: Ministers of the seven countries of the Western European Union are seen at the meeting of the Ministerial Council of the W.E.U. in London. From left are M. Schaus of Luxembourg; Lord Home; M. Spaak of Belgium; Signor Segni of Italy; M. Couve de Murville of France; Dr. Luns of the Netherlands; Mr. Heath, the Lord Privy Seal; and Herr Schroeder of West Germany. The meeting last week was largely devoted to a statement by Mr. Heath of the British Government's position on political co-operation if Britain goes into the Common Market



WESTERN EUROPEAN UNION MEETING IN LONDON

Far right: East German People's Police stand guard at a breach in the Berlin wall. The hole was caused in an incident last week when two East Berlin building workers ploughed through the wall in a heavy truck to escape into West Berlin. The vehicle was caught in the rubble and the two men were forced to run over the sector border, while Communist guards fired three shots at them. The breach in the wall was speedily repaired

A BREACH IN THE BERLIN WALL

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Princess Alexandra dances the Gay Gordons with thirteen-year-old Sharon Wheeler during her visit to Clubland, the boys' and girls' club in Camberwell, South London. During her visit the Princess saw the various activities of Clubland which was founded in 1922 in one room by the Rev. James Butterworth. The club's Camberwell Road premises were opened in 1939 by Queen Mary. After the war she inaugurated restoration as the club had been badly damaged

Below: The Duke of Edinburgh arrives at the Headquarters of the Federation of British Industries in London accompanied by Mr. Cyril Harrison, the Federation's President. The Duke addressed the Council of the Federation last week, soon after his return from his 36,000-mile-tour of South America. He told the Council that on his tour he had found that Britain had a reputation for being "rather slow and old-fashioned." He also spoke of the concern South Americans felt about the Common Market. "They feel that their free market, particularly in this country, is in jeopardy"

Below right: Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon watch a shower of orange-peel tumble from one of the machines at the Schweppes factory at Sidcup, in Kent. The factory, one of the most modern plants for making soft drinks in Britain, started production in January 1961

A GAY GORDONS FOR PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN A CAMBERWELL BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB

PRINCE PHILIP TALKS OF SOUTH AMERICA TO THE F.B.I..

PRINCESS MARGARET AND HER HUSBAND VISIT A SOFT DRINKS FACTORY

A close-up of the model showing Sir William Holford's proposals for Piccadilly Circus

ENTERPRISE AT HOME

Despite gibes to the contrary that Britain nowadays rests on the laurels of her past, the country in many ways is facing the challenge of the future. An enduring symbol of London as the centre of the Commonwealth is Piccadilly Circus. Since the first storms of controversy arose over the private development scheme for the Monico block, the subsequent public enquiry and the Minister of Housing's refusal of the development application, it has been clear that Piccadilly Circus will change. Sir William Holford, who was appointed consultant to the L.C.C. in 1960, has produced revised proposals for a development plan for Piccadilly Circus to act as a guide for the future. His plan inevitably must be a compromise—between traffic requirements and pedestrians, between commercial requirements and the importance of the site. The Circus becomes a rectangle, 260 ft. from east to west and 220 ft. from north to south. The high buildings rising to 200 ft. are set back behind a frame of buildings no higher than Swan and Edgar's. An Italianate look is given by a rectangular acre of piazza, with traffic only on two sides. Provision is made for flower displays, ice-skating and simply strolling about.

In one important field, Britain continues to lead the world, that of the development of the gas turbine aero-engine. Twenty-five years ago, on April 12, 1937, Sir Frank Whittle's first jet engine ran for the first time at the British Thompson Houston works at Rugby. From these beginnings developed the jet engines of the last war, both British and American. Today, British jet engine development is dominated by two firms—Bristol Siddeley and Rolls-Royce. Bristol Siddeley introduced the two-spool engine, the ducted fan and lift/thrust engine for vertical take-off; Rolls-Royce the by-pass engine and the jet-lift engine. Speaking at a dinner in his honour in London, Sir Frank Whittle said that earlier in the day he was in an engine test-house and saw the thrust indicator exceed 30,000 lb. He went on: " If anyone had asked me twenty-five years ago whether I thought any engine could produce 30,000-lb. thrust, I would have thought he was quite mad."

At County Hall, London, Sir William Holford (left) points out details of the model to Sir Isaac Hayward, Leader of the L.C.C. The view is approximately from Piccadilly, with, nearest Sir William, the Monico block, and clockwise from this, the proposed vertical feature at the foot of Shaftesbury Avenue; the Trocadero block; London Pavilion; two tower blocks; and the Criterion block. The model makes provision for connecting bridges, underground passages, escalators and walkways for pedestrians

The 63-ton auxiliary ketch *Thelma II* leaves Tower Pier, London, at the start of a 60,000-mile cruise to thirty-eight countries to sell British goods. The voyage, which started last week, is the venture of Mr. David McSorley, a Twickenham engineer. He is accompanied by his wife and daughter. Two other members of the crew also took their wives

Air Commodore Sir Frank Whittle (centre) lays the foundation-stone of a new Bristol Siddeley Engineering building at Patchway, Bristol. The ceremony took place on the 25th anniversary of the first run of Sir Frank's first jet engine

At a dinner in London given in his honour by the Government in conjunction with Bristol Siddeley and Rolls-Royce, Sir Frank Whittle is with Sir Henry Hardman, Sir Roy Dobson, Sir Thomas Sopwith and Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, the Minister of Aviation

JOHN CONNELL

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

Christianity, whatever some of its less forthright apologists may say, does not compromise; and Easter is the least compromising of all religious festivals; on Friday God's broken, tortured body hangs upon a cross; on Sunday morning early He has risen from the dead, and walks in the garden on the hill. Politically, it must have seemed, the matter was settled once for all, when the fanatic was executed between two felons. Neither the Roman High Commissioner nor the local politicians thought that it would ever have to be considered on any other plane. Yet for 2,000 years thereafter Christianity has—on this vital issue—always refused to compromise. The Nativity of Jesus has proved, in an era of the breakdown of the faith, disastrously easy to convert into a cult, half-commercial and half-sentimental. Easter, if its few facts are stated, is stark and challenging.

It is possible, for weeks before Christmas, to mush up almost any issue with phoney, " Xmas " sentimentality. Easter bonnets, Easter parades, Easter eggs and Easter bunnies are about as far as the drip has gone: and they are, on the whole, pretty harmless fringe vulgarities. It is not only conceivable at Eastertime, it is relevant and it is seemly, to reflect on secular matters within sheerly Christian terms of reference. Even a politician—or a political commentator—is apt to be brought up sharp at the foot of Calvary.

The relevance and the importance of Good Friday and of Easter morning do not decrease. Christ died for all men, of all nations and in all times; there is no picking and choosing between colours and creeds, or " degrees of civilisation." I have found myself (as many others, I believe, must have done) pondering the few, irrefutable and, as I have said, uncompromising facts, in relation to contemporary politics in and near the region in which they originally occurred. My first proposition may seem naive: if you know, have lived and worked in this region, it is impossible not to take religion seriously—Judaism and Islam, just as much as Christianity. You may reject their tenets, but you cannot (unless you are impregnably stupid) take refuge in shallow, jeering contempt.

During the ceremony of the Holy Fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, on Easter Eve. A photograph taken in 1956

Men live out their lives in the full practice of their religion. The three great faiths interact constantly. Religious differences are not just a matter of logomachy ; they are contested with swords, rifles, mortars and machine-guns. Anyone who has watched, in and outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, the annual ceremony of the Holy Fire, on the Saturday of Holy Week, may feel that, though this is not the daffodil-decorous tradition of contemporary Anglicanism, it has its own emotional and spiritual fervour, and can let loose certain strong, possibly terrible forces. The violence of these religions is as much a fact as their dignity or their beauty or their simplicity.

Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; and one of the besetting troubles of the countries of the Mediterranean basin, over many centuries, has been the fact that some of those in each generation, who call themselves the Lord's devoted followers, claim that vengeance is theirs. Though Christians have arrogated this function to themselves just as often as the zealots of the other religions, it is the especial challenge of the Cross on Calvary that revenge and retribution are *not* human rights or responsibilities.

To anyone bred in, and striving (however ham-handedly) to uphold, the Christian tradition, what is happening in the Middle East, at this transient yet significant moment in time, is—or ought to be—of poignant interest. It ought also to shake every smug, complacent, self-centred illusion. First, the two most impressive factors in the Algerian situation are now, and have been since before the cease-fire, the almost maniacal savagery of the O.A.S. in its resistance to de Gaulle's policy and the remarkable and continuing restraint and self-discipline of the Muslim population in the face of this savagery.

I have striven to understand the original motives of the O.A.S. leaders; this has not been difficult because I understand, and sympathise with, the sense of being betrayed by the country they have loved and served. But the betrayed in Algeria have become betrayers of those very truths, that very faith, which they set out to uphold. This is something worse than mere political hypocrisy. It is murderous evil. There is honour in dying for a lost cause. There is utter dishonour in killing unarmed teachers and helpless patients in hospital beds. There is only anarchistic madness in taking a machine-gun to a rooftop, and indiscriminately spraying a crowd shopping in the street beneath. To this savage brutality the Arab population of Algeria has, up to the time of writing, reacted with stoical fortitude and self-control.

Franco-Arab relations are complicated at the moment, yet they are, since the Evian Agreement, less disagreeable than they have been for a long time. President Nasser's sudden release of the four French diplomats, who had been on trial for a whole series of portentously grave alleged offences, had juridical as well as political reasons. But regarded even on the most realistic plane of expediency, it was a gesture not without courage and a quality of mercy.

It would be premature and inopportune, as well as highly inaccurate, to suggest that the Arabs and the Egyptians have begun to take the violence either out of their politics or out of their religion. Their attitude towards Israel, as the fighting around the Sea of Galilee demonstrated last month, is still neurotic in the extreme, in its suspicion, its vindictiveness and its complete lack of realism.

Yet signs of restraint—a quality signally absent from the Arab nations' conduct of their affairs in recent years, though it is a major virtue according to Islamic teaching—are not absent now. Syria, since her breakaway from the United Arab Republic, has suffered a series of *coups d'état*, but they appear to have been on the whole bloodless, and the country is settling down to a middle-of-the-road policy, avoiding (except in hostility to Israel) the extremism which, until lately, seemed endemic in Syrian politics. Jordan and Iraq are able at least to limp along side by side; and much of the venom has been extracted even from Egypto-Jordan relations. Is it possible that the Arab awakening has tardily but genuinely taken a new turn? Are the Arabs becoming to a certain extent adjusted to the world in which we and they have to live?

Meanwhile Israel—whose external policy an Israeli friend of mine once compared to that of a hedgehog—has shown over one highly controversial matter a wholesome readiness to accept outside advice and criticism. The first news of a draft Bill before the Knesset to regulate the Press, and to give the Government some sanctions against foreign correspondents, provoked a great hullaballoo of protest, including some severe criticism by *The Times* in its primmest Auntie voice. The First Secretary (Press) of the Embassy of Israel has been able to point out, with—I suspect—a demure glint of mischief in his eye as he wrote, that although the Bill as drafted would only bring Israeli law into line with the English law of libel, in view of misunderstanding abroad about its intentions, the Bill has been returned to the appropriate ministerial committee to be redrafted.

There is, however, a far more serious matter on which Israel is being offered a wealth of advice from outside—the final fate of Adolf Eichmann. On March 29, Israel's Supreme Court retired to consider his appeal against the death sentence passed on him by a lower court on December 11. If the appeal fails (and this is still in the balance as I write), it will rest with President Ben-Zvi to grant or to deny mercy to the man proved, beyond all doubt, to have been responsible for the organisation of the deaths of 5,000,000 Jews. Various Jews, whose devotion to and pride in Israel are unquestionable, have urged clemency; and on April 7 *The Economist*, a journal which (I have reason to know) is read with close attention in Israel, published a deeply moving article, in support of the plea that Eichmann be made an example, " not of men's power to exact retribution, but of their ability to rise above the circle of crime and punishment."

In an imperfect world, *The Economist* argued, " there rarely occurs a wholly evil act which can be met by a response of unqualified charity. . . . To forgive the man who arranged the killing of millions of one's race would be an act of imaginative compassion calculated to bring out, as white against black, the full evil of what Eichmann is responsible for. It is doubtful whether any group of half a dozen men has ever held an opportunity on this scale before."

The utter evil of what Eichmann is and what he did is undeniable. I was conscious of it at the trial in Jerusalem last year. In Jerusalem at the time of the Passover which is also Easter, is it too much to pray that total compassion and total charity can move, to this extent, not the Son of God, but ordinary, fallible men?

General Liu An-Chi, C.-in-C. of General Chiang Kai-shek's forces on the offshore island of Quemoy, peers across the straits separating the island from the mainland of China. Quemoy, which has been subjected to repeated bombardment from Communist Chinese guns, has been strongly fortified by General Chiang Kai-shek and is riddled with underground defence works, observation bunkers and storehouses. It was reported that General Chiang Kai-shek, in talks with Mr. Averell Harriman, the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, last month, advocated large-scale testing attacks by his forces on the mainland, but President Kennedy did not view the proposals with favour. In Washington, the State Department has been engaged in reviewing American policy in the Far East, particularly with regard to China

AN EYE ON THE MAINLAND

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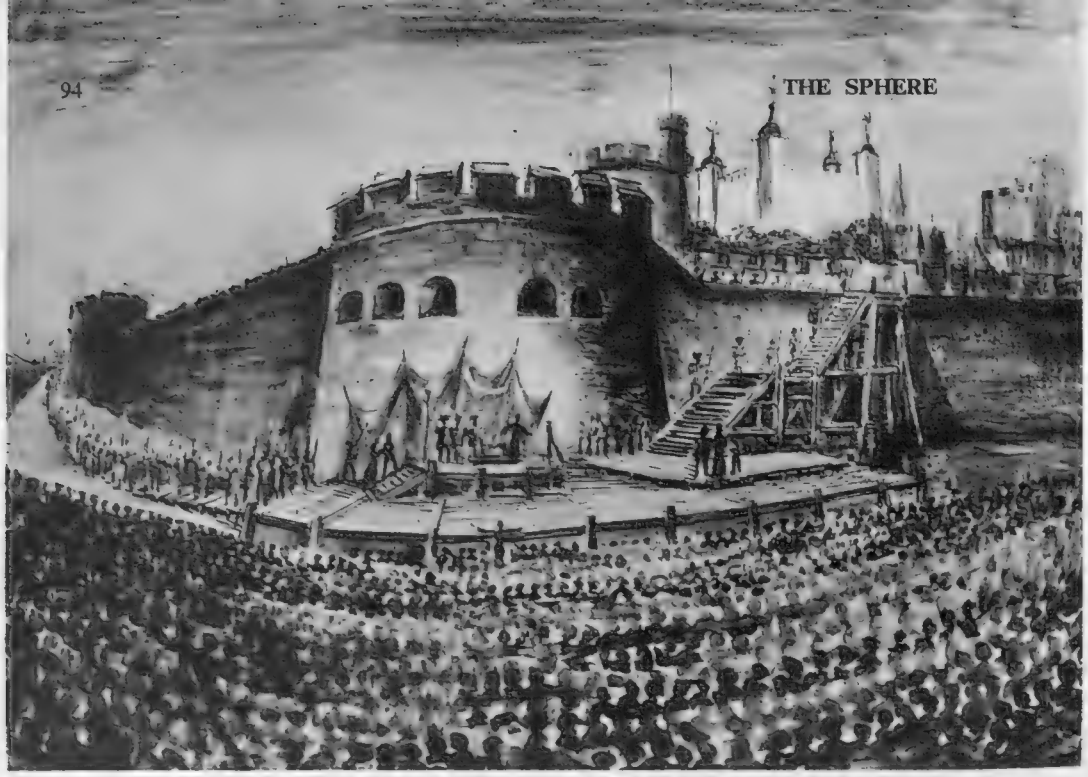


A design by Peter Rice for a production of *The Yeomen of the Guard*, by Gilbert and Sullivan, which is to be given within the precincts of the Tower of London as part of the Festival of the City of London from July 9 to 21

The new children's playground at Battersea Park contains a totem pole and two wigwams among its features

Picasso's painting "La Grecque" is auctioned for £30,000 in the sale at Sotheby's of 35 paintings from the collection of Somerset Maugham

An artist's impression of the 35-storey building for BP to be built in the City of London as part of a comprehensive development between Moorfields, Ropemaker Street and Moor Lane

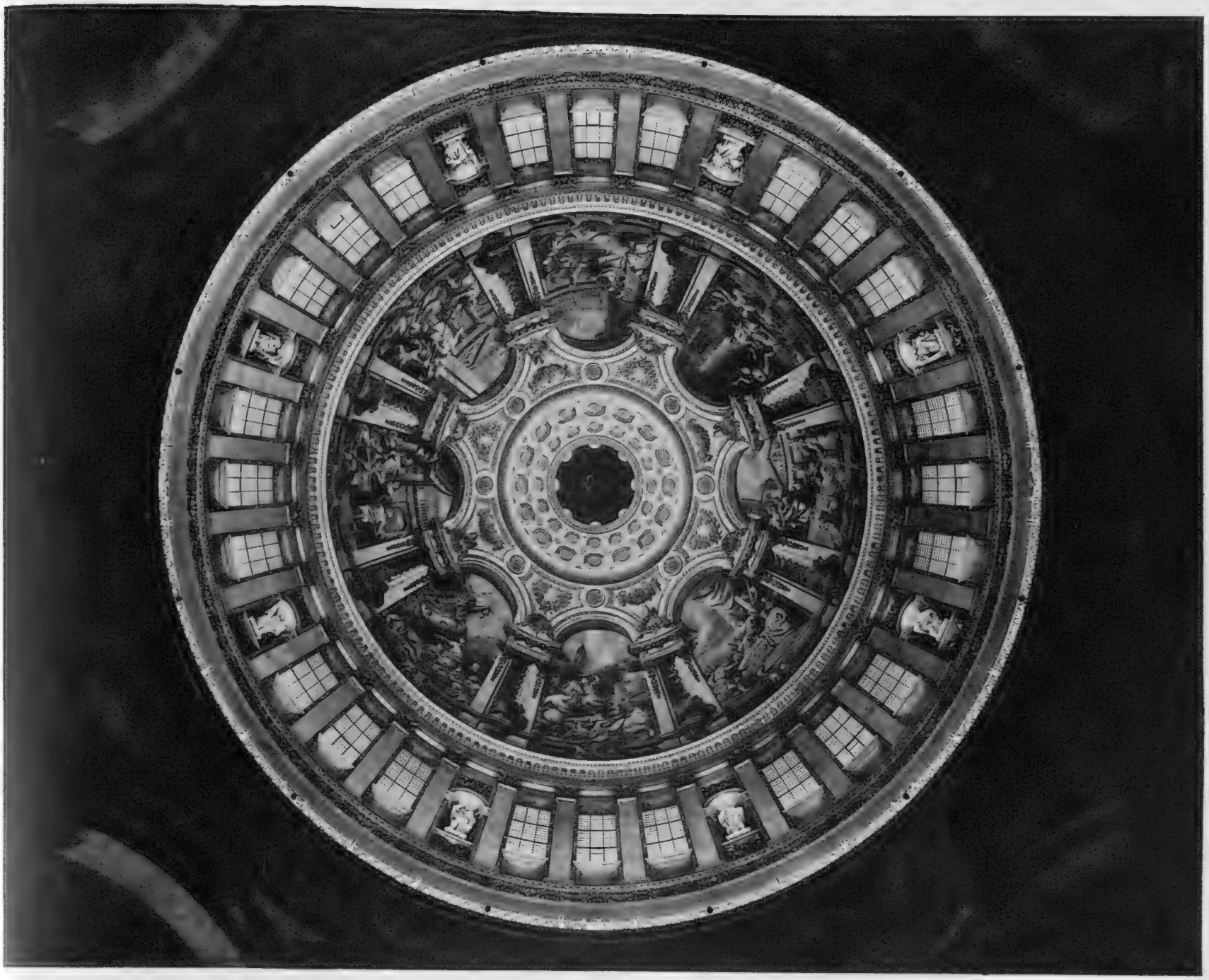
A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

HAPPY EASTER. If we can claim to deserve anything good, we can claim to deserve a warm and sunny Easter. The winter of our discontent has been intolerably long, and has taken full advantage of a very late Easter. An abnormally late Easter can have serious consequences. I can cite an example in literature which produced tragic disappointment for a Jane Austen heroine. Literary sleuths, who always seek to prove that Jane Austen wrote her novels on exact calendars, allot the calendar of 1809-10 for the events of *Mansfield Park*. In 1810 Easter Day fell (as in 1962) on April 22, almost as late as possible. Fanny Price, banished from the luxury of Mansfield, was living in her sordid home at Portsmouth, awaiting repatriation to Mansfield at the convenience of Sir Thomas, who could not fetch her back until after Easter. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ!* The north and the north-east, I suppose, may soothly swear that they never had it so bad, so long, and the warmer counties look back on abnormal easterly gales and damaging floods. It looks like a Russian spring—all the sweets of summer in a day appearing on the heels of frost and snow. Our customary *signa veris* were absent. The early blooms were nipped in the bud, browned off like their cultivators. Even the daffodils failed to take the winds of March with beauty. It is dismal to reflect that tomorrow morning we can mathematically calculate that in two months "*the days will begin to draw in.*" But, as to that, I have always felt that the four seasons are absurdly divided, and against all reason and experience. I have occasionally cast a risky clout in July, but seldom felt the risk justified earlier. A happy Easter for us all, and with no easterly winds!

CONTESTING ALL SEATS. It is no doubt broadly true that a substantial body of the electorate is profoundly bored with post-war Party politics and would welcome an alternative to the two main parties whose post-war achievements have not been spectacular at home or abroad. The Liberals have enough recent encouragement to go all-out for a break-through unless the next batch of by-elections reverses the favourable trend. But the break-through effort will be very expensive and the Liberal Treasury is by no means filled. I was bred in the Liberal tradition, though my admiration of the G.O.M. is restricted to his model guardianship of the public purse. But I shall welcome *our* local Liberal candidate with a warm, if not a golden, handshake. I shan't melt down the family plate, since my children hold different political views. But

Workmen carry railings for the staircase to the roof of the new administration building at London Airport



The interior of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, with frescoes of scenes from the life of St. Paul by Sir James Thornhill, can now be clearly seen from below. In the past three years the interior of St. Paul's has been completely re-wired with up-to-date lighting methods to enable dimly lit works such as these to be appreciated properly

there are rich men among the Quakers and cocoa interests and I am sure the big money will flow in, and that many an ambitious politician of Cabinet status and ability (if such there be) will find that Liberalism after all is their spiritual home. Of course, Jo Grimond must not set his hopes too high for 1963. But if, as seems likely, the big two parties receive a more equal share of the votes and the winner commands a majority of no more than forty, then indeed, if the Liberals could secure as many as thirty seats, they would be in a strong position to block such legislation as they dislike and even to force through some measures they sponsor. The Liberal Party would be right back on the map and the recruits would flow in from among ambitious politicians, and a complete and competent Liberal Shadow Cabinet would be "seen to be done." I hope I may be spared to enjoy the next General Election, for it might provide diverting features. On the other hand, the result may be diverting only to the Socialists, who have three reasons out of four for blessing every vote cast for the Liberals.

GOOD SENSE PREVAILS? Ten thousand Merseyside dockers called off their damaging strike at the end of March and resumed work after All Fools' Day. There was damage to perishable goods, serious delays in turns-round and in some important quarters increased lack of faith in the dependability of British ports. Then followed crippling car-makers' strikes. The economic battle of Britain on which the livelihood of all of us depends can be won only on the factory floor and at the docks and in the mines. It needs a lifetime of experience to comprehend the stresses and anxieties of the docker's life or often of the factory hand's, still more the intricacies of the union rules that govern their labour and the rivalries and jealousies between allied unions. We know without intimate experience that, in the main, life is tough and dull and that no effort is deferred or ruled out to obtain better living conditions and higher pay. That need not surprise us. We have moved a long way from 1888 and the great dock strike which tried to secure for a proportion of the men an extra penny an hour. We have moved very far from the objects and principles on which the trade union movement was based. Furthest of all have we moved from the simplest economic principles, which can be variously and in homely phrases propounded in terms of "Catching your hare before you cook it," "Baking your cake before you cut it up" and "Sawing off the branch you sit on while a tiger waits expectantly below." It was these simple truisms which the two sides in industry were once presumed to accept and to work together to inculcate. It is more like jungle law today. We ask ourselves: Who will show us any good? We wildly accuse governments of being totally unable to govern, trade unions of being incapable of exercising the authority vested in them and the workers of blindly sacrificing their future livelihood for immediate "paper" advantages. And even the most ignorant of us can claim to "have something" in our sweeping criticisms. The affluent society, if it can unseat reason over so wide an area, thus may appear to be more like an earthquake than a blessing.

INSOLUBLE PROBLEM? The day after the announcement of a new increase in rail fares, I waited interminably at that tiresome level crossing at Petersfield until an express to Portsmouth and a local towards London had gone through. The time was about noon. A careful check by two pairs of eyes reached agreement that the long express carried eleven and the local seven passengers. No doubt at some sections the trains had been fuller. Certainly the problem facing Dr. Beeching is a stiff one. For years I have been astonished at the emptiness of fast and slow trains at certain times of day on the Southern and Western main sections of British Railways and marvelled at the costly machinery set in motion to convey half a busload a few score miles. But trains must reach their termini to turn round and refill, and no doubt some part of these journeys may be profitable. But over-all . . . No. It is difficult to believe that the latest increases in fares will turn those eighteen passengers into thirty-six, or, if they did, that the trains in question would show an over-all profit for their pains. We already know that, if they did, it would be a trivial reduction in B.R.'s annual overdraft. A car today is not a sign of affluence, but of modest economy; and the roads are cheaper in all but human life. It is difficult, too, to anticipate success for a rail-coal combined propaganda campaign to popularise hard fuel central heating on top of a forecast that the best furnace fuel may cost £17 a ton by winter.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

TOM EWELL TWICE

STATE FAIR: Margie (Pamela Tiffin), Melissa (Alice Faye), Wayne (Pat Boone) and Abel (Tom Ewell). **Right:** Abel and a farmhand by the pen of the boar Blue Boy

That noted American comedian, Tom Ewell, is currently mounting a two-pronged attack on English audiences. He is starring in the new revue, based on the work of James Thurber and called *A Thurber Carnival*, which has started a season at the Savoy. And he plays one of the major roles in the new film version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical, *State Fair*, which opened at the Carlton on April 16, released by Twentieth Century-Fox.

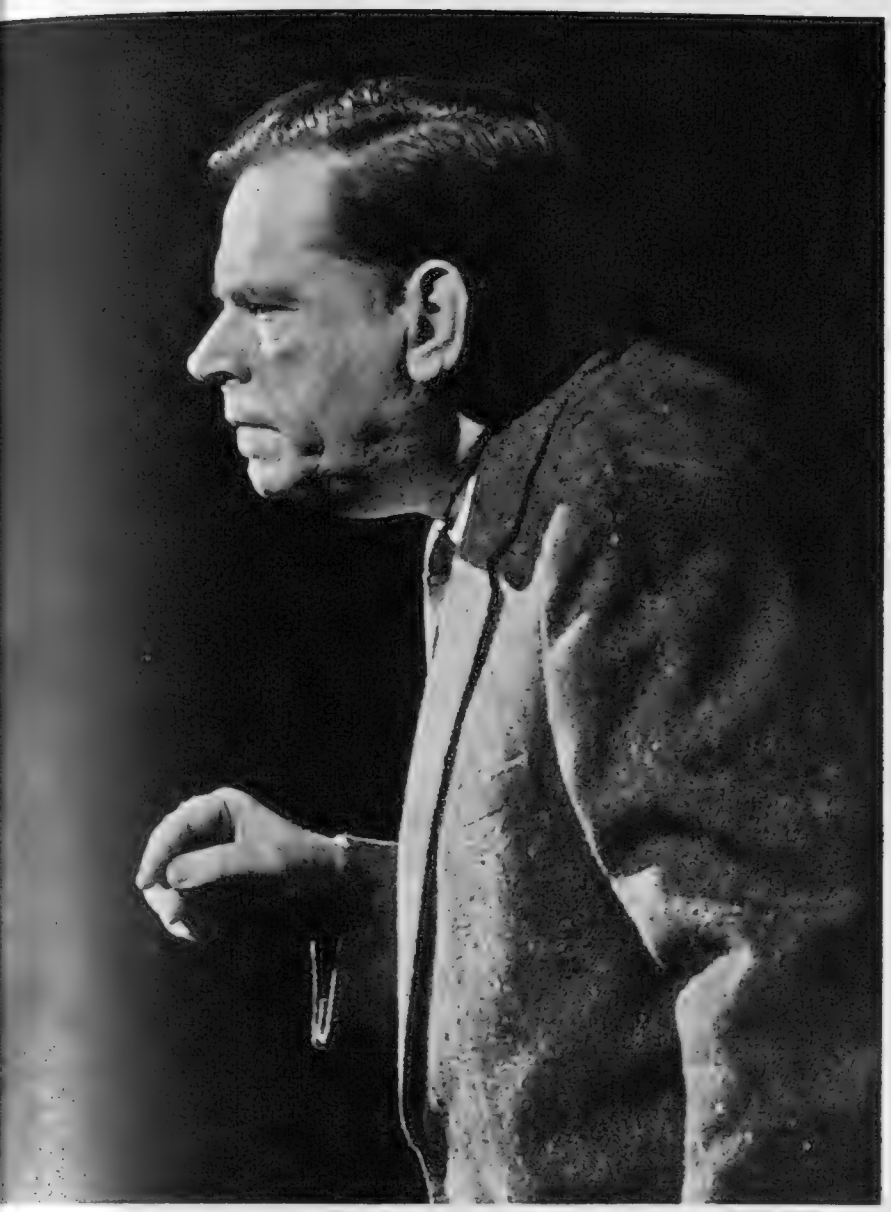
Including some of Thurber's best-known work like *The Night the Bed Fell on Father*, *Pet Department* and *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, the revue is ingeniously mounted and lit, with music arranged by Johnny Dankworth. Tom Ewell, with his lined comedian's face, eloquently expressing the hangdog or acquisitive, and his rasping voice, is probably the nearest to a Thurber man on the stage today.

His list of screen roles, notably the husband bemused by Marilyn Monroe and *The Seven Year Itch*, and the alcoholic ex-composer in *Tender is the Night*, now contains the Texas farmer Abel Frake in *State Fair*. The musical, in Rodgers and Hammerstein's vein of Oklahoma folk lore, is a celebration of Texas and all the fun of its fair. He, his prize boar, his wife Melissa, and his two children, Margie and Wayne, go to the fair dreaming of glory in their various ways. Others in the plot include Emily, a red-headed dancer, and Jerry Dundee, a television interviewer, a fast-moving performance by Bobby Darin. The colourful and enjoyable musical contains some of Rodgers' most widely-sung songs.

The photographs of "A Thurber Carnival" were taken by Reg Wilson.

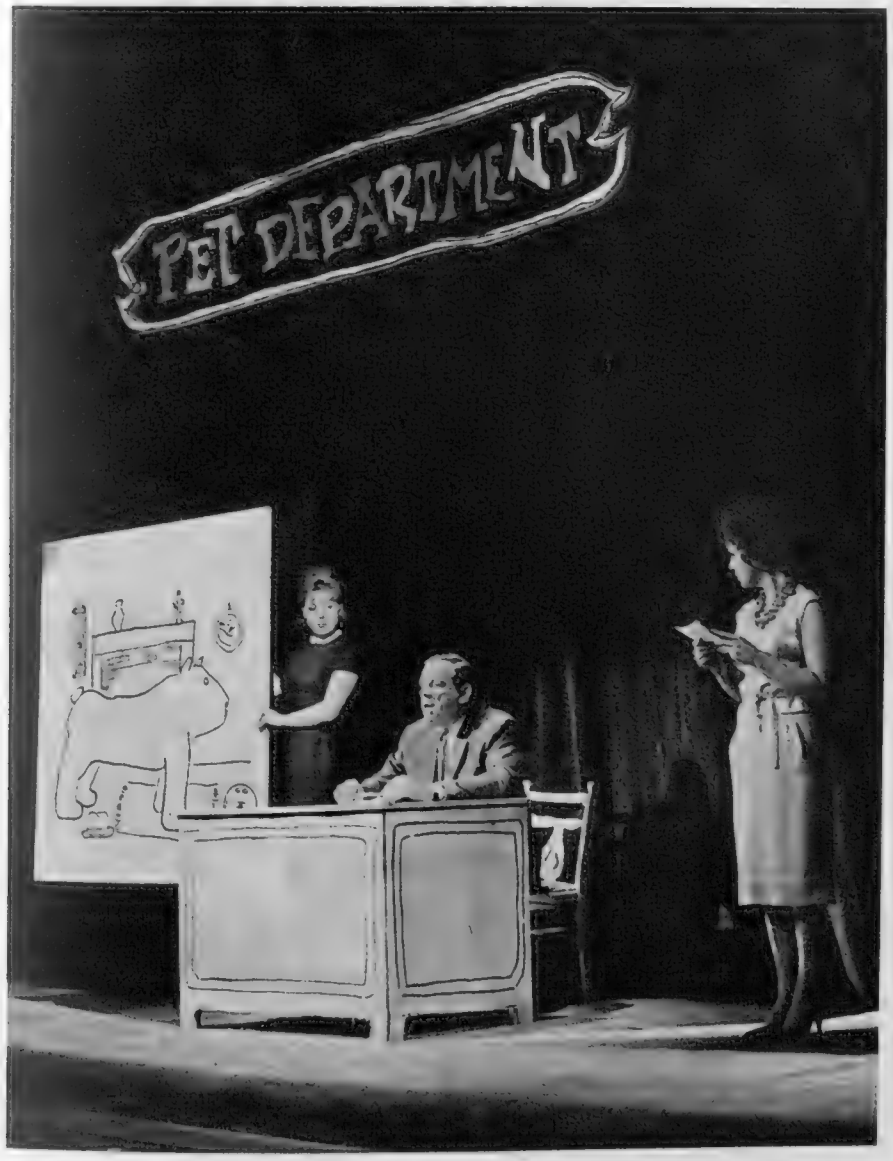
All the fun of the fair for Margie as she waits for her boy-friend

Emily Porter (Ann-Margret), star of a touring musical show, dances and sings "Isn't it Kind of Fun?"



A THURBER CARNIVAL: The hazards of driving—with Betty Marsden and Tom Ewell

The Thurber man by Tom Ewell. **Right:** David Bauer, June Thody, John Cater, Betty Marsden, Tom Ewell, Denys Graham, Donna Cameron, Tom Chatto, and Mary Laura Wood



Tom Ewell answers readers' queries in the Pet Department with the aid of a Thurber cartoon, June Thody and Donna Cameron. **Right:** Betty Marsden and David Bauer

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

GHANA

Several important policy speeches were made recently by President Nkrumah on the occasion of the conferring of formal city status on the old Ashanti capital of Kumasi. Below we print shortened versions of two of the speeches which present a useful picture of Ghana in dynamic transition, five years after independence.

At the luncheon at which Kumasi received city status

Dr. Nkrumah first of all referred to the troubles in and around Kumasi at the time of independence, and said that the granting of city status was a recognition by the party and the Government that there had been a change of heart. At the same time, he said, he was disturbed by tendencies in Ashanti and elsewhere over matters relating to chieftaincy. " Here and there a chief's stool becomes vacant. Two party comrades contest for enstoolment. One succeeds. Immediately the loser of the stool contest becomes aggrieved and turns against the party and Government. Not only that, he sets out to undermine the successful comrade who has been enstooled. Both of them have supporters on their sides, so unnecessary strife ensues and the party splits." In the future, Dr. Nkrumah said, the Government would take drastic measures to correct this state of affairs.

The President also emphasised a Central Committee ruling that all persons should be admitted to the party irrespective of their political past provided that they accepted the party ideology, policies and programme. " No one can remain a party member and defy party directives." Thus a party member or members who obstructed the admission of ex-members of the defunct United Party seeking admission into the Convention People's Party would be dealt with in a fitting manner. " We cannot talk loudly of building a one-party State and yet drive away persons who would want to join the party and help to realise that objective."

On the subject of councillors, Dr. Nkrumah said that they sometimes forgot they were servants of the people and became arrogant and oppressive. " I want to stress the fact that we are working to build a socialist state and that the party cannot stand by and allow this shameful conduct to develop. We are protectors of the masses and I personally will not tolerate any position in which the ordinary person in this Ghana is scorned and made a footstool." Some councillors thought it fashionable to be dishonest and play funny tricks of all sorts with council contracts. Some who were contractors concealed this fact instead of declaring their interests. " The ten per cent. commission extorted from contractors in the name of the party must stop and stop for good. I have stated over and over again that public office must not be used for personal gain," he said. In this regard he would cause councillors to be investigated in the same manner as Ministers had been.

A bird's-eye view from the superstructure of Sydney Harbour Bridge, in Australia, of the bunkering barge *B.P. Sydney* being towed to B.P.'s Berry Bay Installation after bunkering the P & O-Orient liner *Canberra*

The scene at the luncheon in Kumasi at which the Ashanti capital was declared a city by President Nkrumah

The President went on to say that a new pattern of council would be adopted which would enable all constituencies to be turned into districts. All districts would have their own local councils with their own District Commissioners, a new measure. He had also directed that local dialects were to be used in deliberations. This would allow the election to the council of men and women who did not read and write English. He hoped this would bring " new blood of native wisdom of our fathers and mothers " to local councils and improve the quality of their integrity. It was also proposed to introduce village committees all over the country.

The Preventive Detention Act, the President said, would be amended so that release after five years would cease to be automatic. The Government would decide, at the end of the five years, whether the detainee was to be released. If he were released and continued the conduct which first sent him to detention he would be detained again, this time for twenty years. Legislation would also be introduced to protect State property.

He then spoke of the responsibilities of local councils in the national framework and of the assistance they could provide in achieving full employment, good housing, and equal opportunity for educational and cultural advancement for all the people. Special fields where they could help would be, for example, in the solving of the problem of boys and girls who gravitated to Accra and other big towns in search of jobs which did not exist. Local authorities alone had the intimate experience to tackle social problems such as these.

After suggesting that a Conference of African Local Authorities should be convened to discuss mutual problems, Dr. Nkrumah formally elevated Kumasi to the status of city.

WEALTH

GHANA *(Continued)*

At the foundation-stone laying of the City Hotel in Kumasi

After a few words on the hotel industry in Ghana, in which he announced the formation of a Ghana Hotels Corporation, Dr. Nkrumah spoke of the importance of Kumasi as a centre of communications and a traveller's rest. He mentioned the city's developing industries, including biscuits, beer, timber and jute, and said that in planning industrial expansion the Government would try to place factories as near to the available raw materials as possible. So great had been the pace of development in Ghana that the five-year plan had had to be abandoned, and was being replaced by a more comprehensive seven-year plan, which the Government hoped to introduce in January 1963.

Dr. Nkrumah then drew attention to the doubts, created by the Government's direct participation in industry, about its intentions in regard to the part that can be played by overseas capital and investments in the development of Ghana. With the conclusion of the Volta Loan Agreement, the Government had received a large number of inquiries from overseas business and financial interests which demonstrate keenness to participate in the development of the country's economy.

It was the declared policy of the Government, he said, to build a society in which the principles of social justice would be paramount. Towards this end it would maintain its policy of economic planning and increasing participation in the nation's economic activity. Therefore, in no sector of the economy would exclusive rights of operation in respect of any commodity be conferred on any person, company or establishment. Five sectors were recognised, operating side by side in the nation's economy. These sectors were: 1. State enterprises. 2. Enterprises owned by foreign private interests. 3. Enterprises jointly owned by the State and foreign private interests. 4. Co-operatives. 5. Small-scale Ghanaian private enterprises.

The aims of State enterprises were: first, to ensure an ever-growing and steady employment for the people; secondly, to increase national income and the revenue of the State in order to raise living standards and to expand and improve education and health services; thirdly, to have at the command of the State significant and growing stocks of commodities in order to be able to influence the market, this influence being aimed at the stabilisation of the price level and the currency, and lastly, to supply those services which the private sector does not wish or is not allowed to supply.

The Government accepted the operation in the country of large-scale enterprises by foreign interests, provided that they accepted the following conditions: first, that foreign private enterprises gave the Government the first option to buy their shares, whenever it was intended to sell all or part of the equity capital, and secondly, that foreign private enterprises and enterprises jointly owned by the State and foreign interests should be required to re-invest 60 per cent. of their net profits in Ghana.

Enterprises jointly owned by the State and foreign private interests would be operated jointly. The respective shares in the equity capital should be agreed by both parties. The Government would support and encourage the formation of co-operative enterprises of producers both in agriculture, trade and industry. In order to encourage and utilise personal initiative and skill, Ghanaians could undertake small-scale enterprises provided that they were not nominees of sleeping partners or foreign interests.

In future the private small-scale personal enterprise sector would be exclusively reserved for Ghanaians. Foreign concerns already established in this sector would be allowed to continue operation, on condition that they did not expand their present establishment and scale of operations.

Dr. Nkrumah concluded by stressing the Government's wish that every citizen of Ghana should have the opportunity to develop his abilities to the fullest extent, in order to make a maximum contribution to the country's development. If Ghana was to succeed as a nation, every single person had to be dedicated to the service of the State and his fellow men.

From left are Mr. Ekwuyasi of Nigeria; Mr. J. Chukueke, a Member of the Nigerian Federal Parliament and Director of Nigeria Airways; Dr. Busairi, the Libyan Ambassador in London; and Mr. Ayanru, Overseas Representative of Nigeria Airways in London. They were at a reception in the Comet Room of the B.O.A.C. Air Terminal at Victoria, in London, to celebrate the launching by Nigeria Airways of two new Comet IV services to London from Libya and Nigeria

The Shaw Savill Line 27,000-ton liner *Dominion Monarch* moves away from Glasgow Wharf, Wellington, on her last voyage from New Zealand to Britain. She is destined for the shipbreaker's yard after twenty-three years of service, including five years as a troop transport ship during the war

Gorkeh, the son of President Kwame Nkrumah and Madam Fathia, is pictured after having been enrolled as a member of the Ghana Young Pioneers on his third birthday

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Kippel, a village in the Lötschental, a little-known Swiss valley which is to be developed as a summer resort and winter sports centre

Another of the villages in the Lötschental, which is in the Canton of Valais

IN THE HAPPY VALLEY

A little-known part of Switzerland

By **JOHN STEEL**

An Anglo-Swiss company is understood to be going ahead with its plans for the development into a summer resort and a winter sports centre of a remote and hitherto little-known valley in Switzerland. This is the Lötschental, which lies high in the Rhone Valley near the southern portal of the Lötschberg Tunnel at an altitude of nearly 4,000 ft. and stretches some twelve miles to the foot of the Lang Glacier. A small road, suitable for motor-cars, leads to it but in the past this road was frequently completely closed by avalanches at a place near the station of Goppenstein. Recently a huge avalanche tunnel, the largest of its kind in Switzerland, has been built to protect the road, which is now open all the year round and the Swiss postal coaches maintain an excellent service to Blatten, the last important village.

Thickly-wooded slopes dominate Ferden, which lies between meadows and ploughed land. Some of the houses date from the seventeenth century

The Lötschental is among the least spoilt of all the great Alpine valleys of Europe. Old traditions and customs have been jealously guarded as have the delightful costumes that the inhabitants have worn for generations. Its people still have a charming courtesy and their natural dignity and good manners belong to an age that has long since vanished for ever in other parts of Europe. The Lötschental, unlike many Swiss valleys, has been inhabited for a very long time and discoveries made in comparatively recent times provide evidence that people lived there as far back as 2,000 years ago.

Presiding over the destinies of all who live in the valley is a gentle, saintly priest, Prior J. Siegen, who was born there at Ried, near the foot of the 12,970-ft. Bietschhorn, in 1886. He has been in charge of the parish of Kippel for forty-seven years. In 1940 he climbed the Bietschhorn to celebrate Mass on its peak.

Apart from catering for tourists in summer, the Lötscher gain their living from agriculture, cheese-making and wood carving. There are also two "factories," one employing six girls who make beautiful hand-knitted sweaters, and the other, employing a number of men who carve weird wooden carnival masks which are exported to places as far afield as New York and San Francisco. The origin of these masks dates back far before the time of

(*Continued overleaf*)

One of the commanding peaks above the valley is the Bietschhorn (12,970 ft.)

The parade for the Corpus Christi Festival in Kippel. Guards are dressed in uniforms of the Royal Court of Versailles

Women carry banners in the procession

Girls are dressed in white for the Festival

IN THE HAPPY VALLEY

(*Continued from page 101*)

A Lötschental carnival mask

Christianity, when they were worn as a protection against evil spirits and also for driving out the Demons of Winter, a purpose for which the Lötscher still use them. Each grotesque mask is a masterpiece of the wood-carver's art, with its twisted, leering features, evil-looking teeth—cows' teeth, incidentally, are used for this adornment—and long, coarse hair, made from the wool off the backs of sheep! Wearing one of them is no mean feat.

From time immemorial the Lötschental has been famed for its religious festivals. At Corpus Christi each Commune takes it in turn to send its finest-looking men to the parade. Many wear splendid uniforms handed down from ancestors who served in the Royal Court of Versailles or Naples or in the Swiss Guard at the Vatican. Another annual occasion is the "Spenden," or distributions of alms in the form of two days' milk from the local cows among the poor.

Life in the valley has never been easy. Much has already been done by Prior Siegen and Innozenz Lehner, the Deputy, to raise the standard of living of the inhabitants. The new development should further improve conditions. Yet one feels that the material things of life will always take second place to the essential spiritual values among the inhabitants of the Lötschental.

More traditional uniforms in a religious procession in the Lötschental

The *Berni* returns to Achill Island with the catch of sharks roped to her sides

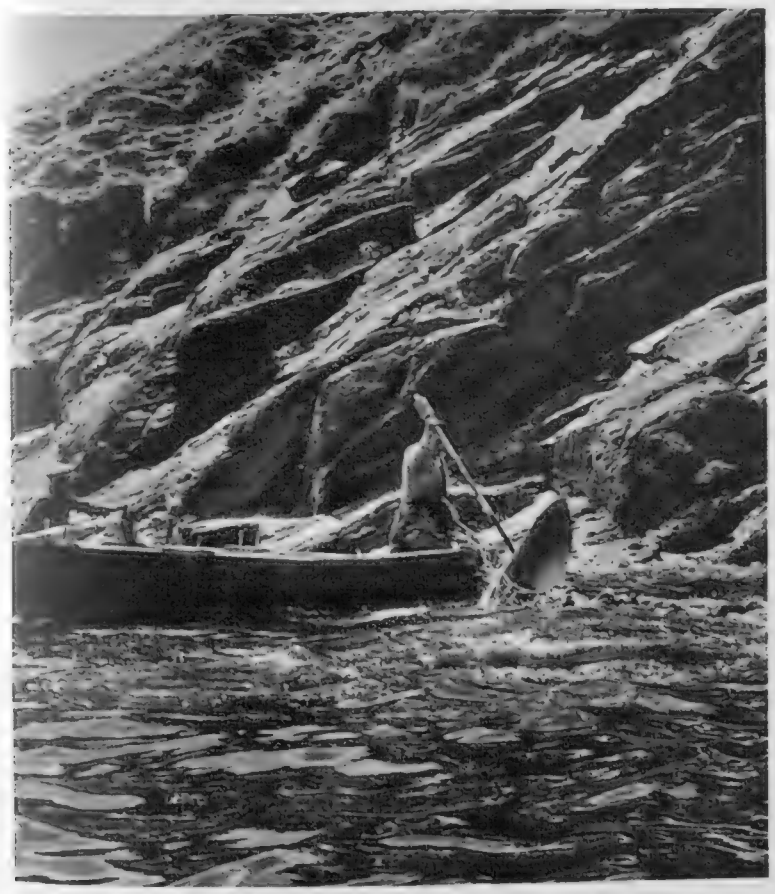
SHARK FISHERS OF EIRE

Achill Island lies on the West Coast of the Irish Republic, off County Mayo. It has a population of just over 1,000 and the summer occupation for the men is shark fishing.

Operations start at sunrise and crews work together in pairs. One crew puts out to sea in a currach—a keel-less rowing-boat—and anchors offshore. The other crew remains on the shore until the signal is given from the cliffs above that sharks are approaching. Then this crew goes out in its currach to help its colleagues. The shark is harpooned and netted and towed to the *Berni*, the vessel used by all crews to take their catch back to the island.

Shark flesh can be used for making fertilisers and shark liver is exported to the Continent where it is employed in the treatment of leather. There can be no certainty of a catch every day and sometimes the fishermen wait in vain for the signal from the cliff-top.

Fishing is only possible during the summer. In winter many of the men go to England to work, and among the younger ones there is a growing tendency to stay there. But for the older men the call of the sea and the thrill of fishing in the summer is still strong.



A shark is netted and harpooned

The netted shark is towed by a currach

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHEN THE BIRDS COME BACK

Pre-eminently April is the month of the coming of the birds. In fact the process of migration has been more or less actively in progress all through the months since the disappearance of the swallow in October. Migration is not confined to the two great movements in spring and autumn as is suggested by the popular, but arbitrary, division of British birds into resident and migratory species. There is much movement within Britain; perhaps only the robin and the house-sparrow are truly sedentary birds.

Though the movements of the winter flocks of tits and finches may properly be described as nomadic, the movement of a Northumberland song thrush to, say, Shropshire for the winter is a true migration. So, surely, is the movement of a hill-dwelling thrush to the valley. We do not notice this sort of short-range migration because a Northumberland thrush in Shropshire for the winter looks just the same as a Shropshire thrush spending the winter at home. It is not noticed in Northumberland either, for I do not suppose that all Northumberland thrushes move southwards for the winter and anyway there will be other thrushes, exactly similar in appearance, from farther north to take their places. But we do notice it in the case of the curlew, another resident bird. All through the autumn and winter it vanishes from the highland moors and inland places, where it breeds, just as completely as if it had joined the swallows in Africa. The curlew spends the winter on the estuaries and along the shore (though many, of course, fly farther south) and its return to the windswept uplands, and that wild sweet cry, is every whit as much a sign of spring for those who live there as the twin notes of the chiffchaff issuing from the shrubbery is for the dweller in Surrey or Sussex.

The tide of spring migration is at its height about now, in the third week of April. The migrants arrive when their food and their nesting-sites are ready for them. Now there is plenty of cover in the larch woods, along the water-sides, and in the thickening hedgerows for the birds that are coming in. Every year you will hear some remark about its being an early spring or a late spring. But the birds arrive punctually at the time when there is just enough verdure to conceal them and enough food to support them: and each arrives at very much the same time each year. Spring, it seems to me, is pretty punctual.

The whitethroat is a warbler that does not mind dry and dusty places, the sedge-warbler loves the water-sides. When the whitethroats come, filling the lanes with their chiding querulous song, their old nests may still be plainly visible, but so quickly do the bramble green and the nettles shoot upward that before the end of the month they have their new nests nearly completed and well hidden. The sedge-warbler arrives a little later, at the end of the month or in the first week of May. It does not nest until May is well advanced. The flags and the valerian and the willow-herb grow more slowly than the brambles and the nettles and the red-robin of the roadsides.

The nightingale is a shyer bird than the whitethroat, and so, though he likes much the same haunts, he arrives about a week later, when there is much more cover in the fringes of the thickets. So with them all. The night-jar arrives at the end of April when the night-flying moths are abundant; the red-backed shrike a little later still, when the beetles and the humble-bees are plentiful; the spotted fly-catcher waits until the summer sun has brought forth the swarms upon which he preys.

Some birds, of course, arrive much earlier; in March. And they, oddly enough, are more difficult to see in a world almost devoid of cover than they are when cover is thick. This is because they do not sing very much. Take the chiffchaff, for example: he can always be heard before the end of March, but how often is he seen before he sings? This year I have been fortunate and seen one, at close range, more than once. That was in the third week of March, and before he began to sing. And I am grateful for the experience, because I *know* that it was a chiffchaff; not because I could recognise him beyond doubt by the blacklish legs or anything like that, but because I know that willow-warblers and wood-warblers do not turn up so early.

But now, with all three leaf-warblers (chiffchaff, willow-warbler, wood-warbler) here, I cannot tell one from another with certainty. Now that my eyesight is not quite as sharp as it was, say twenty years ago, I know I never shall. As far as I am concerned they are just three rather dingy-green little birds, as like as peas in a pod. But their songs are very different, and by their songs you may know them.

The chiffchaff's is scarcely a song at all. It is little more than a spirited and persistent chirping. The bird is a warbler, but by no stretch of the imagination could you call this "warbling." But both willow-warbler and wood-warbler have true songs. The wood-warbler, indeed, has two songs, so distinct and unalike that it is difficult to believe that they can be uttered by the same bird. One song, the most frequent, is ecstatic, the other pathetic. The wood-warbler, I think, must be a bird of moods. To my mind, the best of the three as a songster, just as certainly as the chiffchaff is the worst, is the willow-warbler. Furthermore, I would rank him high among

A curlew stands amid reeds. This distinctive-looking bird winters on the estuaries and along the shores

A whitethroat poised in mid-flight

The swallow, recognisable by its tail feathers, is a well-known migrant

A night picture of a spotted flycatcher

Photographs by Eric Hosking

our British singing birds, an opinion which I seem to hold alone.

To hear him at his very best, and, make no mistake about it, his best is very good indeed, you must hear him in a hazel copse when the soft April rain is on the leaves. Other birds are silent then, and he has the stage to himself. It is a quiet song and one to which it is impossible to fit words. "A cadence soft as summer rain" was Lord Grey of Fallodon's description of it. Perhaps it is not altogether unlike the song of the chaffinch. However, the chaffinch's has a cocksure ring about it. The willow-warbler's is very very diffident. But then the chaffinch is a cocksure little bird, the willow-warbler a very shy little bird.

You always know what is coming when the chaffinch begins to sing. It is an unvaried song with a fine and definite ending. You never know what is coming when the willow-warbler begins to sing. Not that the song has no form; it has. But it goes on and on, repeated again and again at short intervals, the interval so short that there seems to be no interval at all. There is nothing challenging about it, as there is about the song of the chaffinch. It is almost as though the bird is singing to itself. And it does not end; it just dies away. It is all very delicate, rather evasive. But it fills the hazel wood with beauty. You stand and listen . . . unaware of the rain.

A willow-warbler **(left)** and a nightingale **(right)**, considered to be among Britain's best singing birds

The ruins of St. Trinian's Church, on the Isle of Man

The limestone walls of Castle Rushen, Castletown

The gardens on the promenade at Douglas, the most popular holiday resort on the Isle of Man

TRAVEL

THE ISLE OF MAN IS DIFFERENT

By **GORDON COOPER**

Another of the island's castles—Peel, overlooking the sea

Like many other Britons, I was, until recently, ignorant of the fact that on our very doorstep is a most fascinating, interesting island which has grown up alongside the other British Isles, and yet has retained its complete independence; a country with its own political system, as well as providing opportunities for exploring into the hobby realms of archæology, folk-lore, geology and natural history. In addition, the Isle of Man has its national motor-cycle races; cats (rather rare today, however) without tails; glorious scenery; low income tax and an absence of death duties, which will surely appeal to those thinking of where to live when they retire; and a loyal people who are proud to have for their "Lord" Elizabeth II, who happens also to be the monarch of the neighbouring islands.

By air (B.E.A.) you can reach Ronaldsway Airport from London in 75 minutes, and there are also air links with Manchester, Liverpool and Belfast. Then there is a new car-ferry (capacity 60-70 cars) which offers a daily service between Liverpool and Douglas. And although the Isle of Man is comparatively of small area (227 square miles) the roads are excellent and it is quite easy to find spots that are right away from it all. For the pedestrian there are many delightful walks, an outstanding one being from Ramsey, in the north, to Port Erin, in the south. There are tracks the whole way, and the route passes through heather and ling and gorse, in summer and autumn a glorious carpet of beauty. The views are gorgeous in all directions.

The electric railway at Laxey, on the route to Snaefell, from which on a clear day can be seen England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales

Douglas, the capital, is the most popular holiday centre: a target for Lancashire folk imbued with the carnival spirit, yet my own preference is for the magnificently-situated Golf Links Hotel (beside the sea), near Castletown; it is most comfortable, has its own swimming-pool, and there is a first-class adjoining golf links, while it is not far from the airport. My next choice would be the Arragon Hotel, Santon (five miles from Douglas), which stands in a beautifully-wooded parkland and not far from the sea. Other recommendations are Ramsey (Beach Hotel rec.), Port Erin (Bellevue Hotel) and nearby Port St. Mary (Balqueen Hydro).

The rather rapid traveller, as I must perforce be, cannot hope to explore any destination thoroughly. In the case of the Isle of Man, the first thing that struck me was the island's red flag bearing the Three Legs of Man. This is the ancient emblem of the island, which decorates the hilt of the thirteenth-century Sword of State and in addition is seen almost everywhere. Even certain of our British stamps (on sale there) bear this symbol in the left-hand corner (in the place where local symbols of the U.K. variously appear). It seems certain that this emblem is of Sicilian origin, for many Sicilian vases in the British Museum bear a similar design. The only difference is that in the Manx version the feet are booted and spurred and a curious motto states: " Whichever way you may throw me, I shall fall on my feet."

Castletown, the ancient capital, is perhaps the chief centre of romantic interest. Though deprived of its former importance, it still retains an air of aloof grandeur. Most of the town is grouped around Castle Rushen, and one large square, facing the castle, is remarkable for its monuments. In the centre stands a lofty column, erected, so a tablet explains, as a memorial to Colonel Cornelius Smelt, a former Governor of the island. One wonders why there is no statue on the top, until one gets the information that insufficient money was forthcoming to complete the memorial.

Even odder is a large clock presented by Good Queen Bess. At first glance it looks very imposing and useful, but then one discovers there is something seriously amiss. There is only one hand, the hour hand. The local people, however, do not mind, for after all their motto is " Time Enough."

Castle Rushen is externally one of the finest specimens of a medieval castle in existence. The local limestone has wonderfully withstood the storms of centuries. In the old days it was almost impregnable, although it cannot have been a comfortable dwelling in which to live. There are, it is said, ghosts haunting the castle, notably a lady in white who appears in unexpected fashion out of the main gateway at midnight.

This doubtless is a myth, but the Isle of Man is full of legends and strange folklore. Although the Manx language is no longer used, the titles of the Laws are read in this tongue

One of the old Manx thatched cottages

on Tynwald Hill every year. The people are still strictly sabbatarian, and Sunday opening of licensed houses is still forbidden—you can, of course, get a drink in your hotel. Unfortunately, I saw only one true Manx cat, in the backyard of an inn at Peel. It is said that the original specimens came from a galleon of the Spanish Armada wrecked off the rocky shores of the island. But whatever their origin, they are far wilder than English cats, in shape rather like a miniature leopard, and singularly bold and fearless. I would warn cat-lovers, however, that artificial docking is often resorted to in order to cope with tourists' souvenirs !

A most interesting experience was a visit I paid to the Witches Mill in Castletown. Here Gerald Gardner, an ex-Civil Servant, maintains a Museum of Magic. He is an authority on witchcraft and also a practising witch himself. In this former windmill he has brought together a wonderful display of magical relics. A " Magician's Study," for instance, reproduces the atmosphere and apparatus employed in the middle of the seventeenth century, with all prepared for a ritual of ceremonial magic. There is the stock-in-trade, too, of a witch who died in 1951, while a memorial commemorates the 9,000,000 witches estimated to have perished in witch persecutions in Western Europe. Mr. Gardner himself, by the way, with his snow-white hair and his pointed beard, is a learned and sane character, with a strong sense of humour. Not, in fact, at all like a witch.

Once you have set foot on the shores of Ellan Vannin, as the Isle of Man is known to its inhabitants today, you will surely wish to return again and again, for there is something magnetically appealing about this island garden where the gulls call, the water thunders on the rocky coast in winter and placidly laps the shore in summer. It is a land of most happy memories.

Note.—The Isle of Man Tourist Board, Douglas, I.O.M., for further information.

BOOKS

THE WONDER OF MAN

From an heroic mine disposal officer to life in the South Pacific; and this week's fiction

Ken Revis was a young officer in a Royal Engineer Bomb Disposal unit in 1943 when, one September day, he was at work on the West Pier at Brighton removing booby-traps when thirteen mines blew up in his face. What was left of him was taken to East Grinstead Hospital where he learned in the course of the twenty operations which were done on his shattered head and body that he would never see again. From that moment his story, as it has been told by Mr. John Frayn Turner in THE BLINDING FLASH (Harrap. 18s.), has been one not only of true heroism but of a determination to enjoy the play as well as the work of a normal life. As Sir Brian Horrocks so rightly says in his foreword: ". . . a blinded man and his wife form one team," and it has been with his pretty wife, Jo, that Ken Revis has fought his way back to an existence in which he can ride, dance, water-ski, sing and, as a career, has qualified as a solicitor and is a Press officer in the Nuffield Group. A wonderful record of a man in a million.

THE QUEST FOR NONSUCH (Hutchinson. 40s.) has many of the qualities of a good thriller. This splendid palace built by the Tudors, beloved by Queen Elizabeth I and finally demolished through the greed of Charles II's favourite, Barbara Villiers (who, among her titles was Baroness of Nonsuch), is one of the great buildings about which we know the least. Its destruction has also been called " the heaviest loss which English architecture has suffered since the Dissolution of the Monasteries." Now comes this splendid book by Mr. John Dent who, for his own pleasure, investigated the mystery of the vanished palace and, eighteen months before excavations began there in 1959, placed its site exactly, between what are now the towns of Ewell and Cheam. Much of Mr. Dent's enthusiasm communicates itself to the reader which is just how it should be and I, for one, enjoyed his book thoroughly.

It seems that the islands of the Pacific cannot be left alone for more than a few months at a time by writers. They have been shown in war, in peace, as idyllic, as the white man's grave, as earthly paradise and as the shortest cut to moral collapse. But everyone who knows them or has even visited them fleetingly has *some* kind of attitude about them and of these the newest is expressed in THE BLUE OF CAPRICORN (Gollancz. 25s.). Mr. Eugene Burdick, who lives in the South Pacific and has lived there most of his life, frankly and completely loves it. His present home is on the island of Moorea, seven miles of sometimes rough sea from Tahiti. From there he writes about the difficulty that anyone must have in grasping the immensity of the Pacific.

PETER HALL, the galvanic director of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, now has all three of his theatres in action. Last week, the 1962 season at Stratford-upon-Avon started with *Measure for Measure* and the second of the season of experimental plays—*Nil Carborundum*—began at the Arts in London. Repertory at the company's London home, the Aldwych, is in full swing

" It is enormous, plural, contradictory. One aches for limitations, for boundaries that reduce the sensation of awe." Mr. Burdick's book suffers a little from a lack of definition but its blend of fact and fiction and its rambling quality are far from irritating. They even seem, in a way, to be appropriate to the theme.

THE CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ (Secker and Warburg. 36s.) is an anthropological study by Mr. Oscar Lewis who is a Professor in that science and who has, in the present volume, given an intimate and profound account of the lives of a family in a slum of Mexico City. The children's stories are recorded in their own words and so is their father's. The mother has been long dead. Their existence has always been and demonstrably will always be, one of the most extreme poverty. Yet as they tell their tales, often filled with violence and cruelty, there is seldom an impression of real hopelessness. An extraordinary book, almost entirely a direct record.

The novels this week are as varied as ever, I am happy to say, and the first batch have in common the fact that each deals with a woman, and each is a woman's eye view of the female state. SUNDAY (Hutchinson. 18s.), for instance, is Miss Kay Dick's sensitive and perceptive story of a child, the narrator, examining her mother's life as it affects her and beyond, making her own discoveries and, inevitably, passing her own judgments. In Mrs. Catherine Cookson's THE GARMENT (Macdonald. 16s.) the central figure is a wife who longs for children but cannot be given them by her parson-husband. Frustrated and unhappy she turns to another man and finds in him the love of her life. Their children, as they arrive, are accepted by the husband and an amazing double life of strain and deception continues for twenty years. Poignant, and effectively drawn characters. ROSEVEAN (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is very different: an unabashedly romantic novel about a pretty girl, a fortune, and a Cornish estate. Miss Iris Bromige does this kind of thing very well. Her novel passes the time agreeably.

CHRISTIAN BACKGROUND

Three new religious books

Two thousand years ago, in a part of Palestine where the religion of Israel had conserved its purity, a Jewish Child was born, Jesus of Nazareth. As Pascal has said: " of His thirty-three years, He lived thirty without making Himself known." In JESUS OF NAZARETH: THE HIDDEN YEARS (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.), Robert Aron has sought to build up a picture of the historical and spiritual influences of the time, of the atmosphere in which Christ moved in a Roman-occupied land. There is no attempt to recover maybe irreparably lost facts, rather to put the known facts into perspective, helping us to know the opinions on many issues that beset men's minds then and which are remarkably akin to the issues that confront mankind today. What is significant in respect of the " hidden years " is the thought that Christ may have for a period dwelt among the Essenes. Pliny called them " a race by themselves more remarkable than any in the wild world," and Josephus, who was an initiate and underwent the probationary period among the Essenes, reveals their sense of justice, their humility, their deeds of mercy and charity and indeed their manifold virtues. Robert Aron writes with simplicity, sincerity and a sense of urgency.

Austin Farrer, Warden of Keble College, Oxford, has a notable reputation as a theological lecturer, and he possesses a limpid prose style matching his ability in the pulpit and the lecture hall. LOVE ALMIGHTY AND ILLS UNLIMITED (Collins. 21s.) is an attempt to come to terms between New-Testament thinking and modern-day reality. How is it, Dr. Farrer asks, that God's individual care for us is such that the very hairs on our head are numbered, and yet we are subject to wholesale catastrophe by earthquakes, wars, famines and a thousand-and-one misfortunes? The author wrestles with the problem and lays down a practical attitude in the face of misfortune. He could not be more able in his reasoning along the lines that he chooses to follow, but some may feel that he attempts too much.

Dr. Leonard Cowie, an eminent lecturer in church history, has completed a most exacting task in describing with the aid of maps and many illustrations the progress of the Christian church since the death of Christ. THE MARCH OF THE CROSS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 63s.) neither shirks those chapters in Church history that have been stormy nor those that have been shameful. The narrative does bring out, however, the remarkable sweep and passion of Church history, and the illustrations reflect the fact that the Christian religion has inspired artists of all ages more than any other single subject.

Jobs, wages, housing, cost of living, social services, holidays and education are some of the many subjects touched upon by Walter Marsden in his excellent survey, THE EMIGRANT'S GUIDE (Sunday Times Publications. 18s.). The title is self-explanatory. If you are planning to settle abroad, here are the basic facts. The guide even tells you how to settle in Britain, mentioning by the way that those who come on stretchers do not necessarily qualify for free medical treatment, and that in certain circumstances permission to land might be refused. The notes on the United States are most extensive, and there are large sections devoted to the major countries of the British Commonwealth. New Zealand still remains a good bet, despite recent changes in the immigration laws.

Here are some important new paper-backs, with pride of place going perhaps to the first two volumes of Sir Winston Churchill's HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLE. Both are published by Cassell at 10s. net. Volume I, " The Birth of Britain," takes us to the end of the reign of Richard III. In Volume II, " The New World," the narrative sweeps on in its Churchillian way to the revolution of 1688.

Four of George Orwell's books—COMING UP FOR AIR, THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER, HOMAGE TO CATALONIA and KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING—are added to the Penguin series. They are each published at 3s. 6d.

That admirable series, " The Buildings of England," is now supplemented by Ian Nairn and Nikolaus Pevsner with their volume on SURREY (Penguin Books. 21s.).

Richard Edmonds

UP GOES THE DONKEY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), by Anne Meredith, is a highly intelligent novel about a human situation that can scarcely be unique. Two boys are playing by a fast-running river when the younger falls in. The other runs for help to a man nearby who hurries back only to find no sign of the child in what is virtually a mill race. It is after this that the rumour begins to spread that the man's cowardice had prevented him from jumping in and making a perfectly possible rescue. Only he knows that this is not the truth; he, and the boy whose panic and spite has started the whole relentless turn of events. Very well written and with some remarkably natural dialogue.

THE QUARRY (Macdonald. 16s.), Mr. Ronald Marsh's third novel, has an authentic industrial background though in a modest and therefore, possibly, more comprehensible way. Here is a good Kentish author—or author of Kent, perhaps—writing about a countryside and a business which he obviously knows well and it is this easy familiarity, even affection, which is the clue to the book's atmosphere, helping it over its more melodramatic phases.

In the series of New Authors Limited, the latest offering is Mr. Alex Hamilton's robust story, AS IF SHE WERE MINE (Hutchinson. 18s.), which has the distinction of an introduction by Mr. Alan Sillitoe, who writes of Mr. Hamilton's affinity with the late Joyce Cary—"in his funny situations, atmosphere and human warmth, and in the totality of his tragic story." With that I would agree, only adding that this story of London riverside pubs and their more colourful characters has an added flavour of its own.

Mr. Jon Cleary's *The Sundowners* was one of those books and, later, films, which teach one more about the country they represent than a month of lectures or uninspired reading. Now, with THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE (Collins. 16s.), there is still an echo of Australia though most of the emphasis is on London and the City of London in particular. For this is the story of a happy marriage that has lasted seventeen years, by the time the book opens, between an Australian girl and the R.A.F. pilot who met her during the war when he was based there. When her parents come over to England and suggest that the little family should come home with them to Australia it is the first serious crisis of their lives together. Mr. Cleary has written this book to illustrate, it seems to me, just how much strain, disappointment and inequality a really good marriage will stand and that, handled as he handles it, is by no means a dull subject.

Mr. Stanley Wolpert, novelist and professor of Indian history, has taken the theme of the assassination of Gandhi for his book, NINE HOURS TO RAMA (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.), and has treated it with the insight, the strength and the compassion which such an historic moment deserves. This vivid and deeply-felt novel has been made into a spectacular film, mainly shot on locations in India, which should be seen in Britain this summer.

FLIGHT OF WHITE CROWS (Gollancz. 18s.), *Stories, Tales and Paradoxes*, by Mr. John Berry, make up a collection from yet another writer who understands the Indian nature and who knows how to convey its many-faceted variety even to readers who have gone little farther east than Fenchurch Street. Funny, pathetic, fantastic—the stories are all of these but most of all they are deeply understanding and revealing.

And to end with, one thriller and a very good one indeed, by the American writer, Miss Elizabeth Fenwick. A FRIEND OF MARY ROSE (Gollancz. 15s.) has very real suspense, even its moments of terror, and I recommend it you if you are not over-keen on a quiet night's sleep.

Vernon Fane

Graham Usher, Merle Park and Petrus Bosman in the *pas-de-trois* from *Les Rendezvous*

Margaret Dale, the TV producer; Frederick Ashton; Doreen Wells; John Field and Brian Shaw

LES RENDEZVOUS

The Royal Ballet on B.B.C. Television on Sunday, April 22

Under a three-year agreement between the Royal Ballet and the B.B.C., a number of ballets from Covent Garden are being televised. The first of these was *The Rake's Progress* and the second is *Les Rendezvous*, a charming ballet with a simple boy-meets-girl theme, by Frederick Ashton to music by Auber. It was, in fact, the first work by Frederick Ashton after he became principal choreographer to the Royal Ballet and was danced for the first time at Sadler's Wells in December 1933. He described it as an "excuse for dancing." Principal roles in the television production are taken by Doreen Wells and Brian Shaw. *Les Rendezvous* is in the current touring repertoire of the Royal Ballet.

Photographs by Anthony Crickmay

Doreen Wells, Brian Shaw and the *corps de ballet* in Frederick Ashton's ballet

Discussing design and **(Right)** working in the mould loft at Camper and Nicholsons Ltd.

Red-hot metal from the furnace **(Left)** is bent on the iron foundry floor **(Right)**

A new 125-ton motor yacht is seen nearing completion

Left: Midship sections of a large motor yacht are erected

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

When recent trends in yachting are discussed it is often pointed out that while the number of craft is growing meteorically, the size of yachts is getting smaller and smaller. This is an undeniable fact, for the enormous number of dinghies—and it is in this category that the increase is greatest—must bring the average size down. It is perhaps for this reason that I found it so surprising how many big yachts are being built even today. We were quite reconciled to thinking that the days of the big yachts, sail and power, were gone, and the few that we see in some Mediterranean ports in the season are relics of the past owned by eccentric tycoons. A recent visit to the yard of one of our foremost designers and builders, Camper and Nicholsons, has convinced me that this is not the case at all.

There I saw not only fairly large sailing yachts being refitted, and new ones constructed, but to my great surprise a good number of motor yachts from about 125 tons upwards in various stages of construction. It was quite a revelation to inspect some of these, and to find that at the average cost of £900 per ton this fine old firm has work in hand, building large luxury motor yachts for several years ahead. I am sure that this specialised know-how, which must get them such important orders, must put this firm right to the top of not only British yards, but of builders of Europe, and perhaps the world.

The know-how stems from a great tradition, and has been handed down to the present directors through four generations of Nicholsons. The oldest yacht-building company in existence, it is only twenty years short of a double centenary, and its record includes such outstanding vessels as the first diesel yacht ever built (for Paris Singer in 1914) and the 1,600-ton *Philante*, built for Sir Thomas Sopwith in 1937. She is now the Norwegian Royal yacht, *Norge*. Having been converted at the Southampton yard after the war, she was presented to the late King Haakon.

One of the greatest yacht designers in history, the late Charles E. Nicholson has left an indelible mark in the evolution of large sailing yachts, and this company has built four challengers for the America's Cup, *Shamrock IV* and *Shamrock V*, for Sir Thomas Lipton, and *Endeavour* and *Endeavour II* for Sir Thomas Sopwith. More recently, since the

One of the deck lounges of a typical motor yacht

Left: A motor yacht is launched from the shed

Quiver III, built for S. H. R. Clarke early in 1961

The " 36," 11-ton glass fibre cruiser racer

war, yachts have come out of this yard which have become household names in Ocean Racing, *St. Barbara*, *Lutine* (designed by Laurent Giles), the Fastnet winner *Yeoman*, *Fedalah*, twice winner of the Britannia Cup, and in 1961 *Quiver III*, built for S. H. R. Clarke, winning thirteen flags in fifteen races, and crowning her season with winning the Lloyd's Register of Shipping Yacht Trophy.

I could go on enumerating successes, but I would run out of space. In any case I would like to draw attention on this occasion to the other side of the firm's activities, the building of many successful large power yachts. These are as beautiful as the good designer's eye can make them, functional and elegant in appearance. Above and below decks they have everything in equipment for comfort and convenience that anyone can wish for. The building of such craft requires a much broader conception in design and construction technique, the organised work of building is a much bigger operation altogether, making, in my view, a very fine achievement. It is for this reason that we are publishing on these pages photographs showing some stages of the work which helps to bring unexpected prosperity to an industry of which we cannot fail to be proud in this country.

This is the first of the weekly articles by Gabor Denes in the current yachting season.

The 125-ton twin-screw motor yacht *Minona*, launched in May 1961

LEADERS OF
BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by
Tom Hustler

M. C. Wilks

Mr. M. C. Wilks, M.I.Mech.E., recently became chairman of the Rover Company Limited, Solihull, Warwickshire, manufacturers of Rover cars and Land-Rovers. He was previously managing director and, since the war period, when the Rover Company was working closely with the Ministry of Supply, has been personally responsible for the Gas Turbine Research programme. In 1950, the world's first gas turbine car, the Rover JET 1, was put through its paces at Silverstone, following with speed runs in 1952 of over 150 miles an hour in Belgium. This and the latest Rover gas turbine prototype, are at the New York Motor Show as prestige exhibits. Maurice Fernand Cary Wilks was born at Hayling Island in 1904 and was educated at Malvern College. He had a two-year spell from 1926 with General Motors in America, and in 1928 was Planning Engineer at the Hillman Motor Car Company in Coventry. He joined the Rover Company as Technical Engineer in 1930 and did much to foster and develop the policy of quality engineering with which the company has become strongly associated. The year 1948 saw the introduction of the Land-Rover, another project in which Mr. Wilks played a leading part. Married, with three sons, he lives quietly in Warwickshire and enjoys motoring, golf and sailing as his hobbies

BUSINESSMEN AFTER THE BUDGET

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

What, in spring 1962, do Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and the Treasury think of the British businessman? To judge from the Economic Survey and the Budget, one might summarise it as an end-of-term report for Easter: "Improving. Can do better. But still needs discipline." I don't think one could summarise quite so easily—or perhaps so politely—what, after the Budget, some British businessmen think of the Chancellor and the Treasury.

Quite a number of business spokesmen whose industries were particularly affected by the Budget, of course, have given tongue about its direct consequences for them. The makers of confectionery are not exactly sweet on Mr. Lloyd this spring. The motor manufacturers are surprised and fairly grateful; they had almost given up hope that any Chancellor would take notice of the elaborate case that they put in, annually, to argue how high purchase tax injures their productive efficiency. The cigarette manufacturers must have inhaled and breathed a long puff of relief.

Apart from the immediate effects of Mr. Lloyd's minor tax adjustments, however, this annual bout of economic prognostication and readjustment of the steering has served once again to demonstrate the quite deep disagreements of principle that exist between different groups of experts over the crucial question whether Britain can achieve economic growth without inflation and exchange difficulties.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd would probably argue that the disagreement is not as sharp as it was, say, three or four years ago; and it is true that nowadays everyone claims to believe in growth, and in planning. But his critics among businessmen who feel frustrated will not have it: they still feel that the Treasury is imbued with the restrictionist mentality. This year's Budget speech admittedly contained some quite hopeful words about expansion this year; but the Chancellor was content to rest on these hopes about businessmen's export opportunities, and didn't judge it prudent to offer any official stimulus. After stop-go policies that had brought about an actual fall in production during the winter to a level lower than two years ago, many businessmen had been hoping that the new Whitehall admission that growth would be a good thing might have meant some change in Budgetary policy.

It isn't true to argue that British business, as a whole, is opposed to current Whitehall economic policies, also taken as a whole. The Federation of British Industries, for example, can claim to be the effective author of the ideas on democratic planning that have resulted in "Neddy," the National Economic Development Council. Some of its key personalities have been appointed to the Council.

Equally, the British Employers' Confederation, which flanks the F.B.I. in the sphere of labour relations, is probably very satisfied indeed with the pay pause. Ministerial determination that the steady upward surge of wages, whether or not productivity was rising, had got to be stopped, suited these employers very well—though this was a stand that they seemed rather glad to let the Minister of Labour take on their behalf, rather than face a direct collision with the trade unions themselves. It's fair to say, however, that the B.E.C.—which is a confederation of employers' bargaining associations, not directly involved in bargaining itself—has been strengthening quite considerably in recent years both its advice to these associations, and the assistance in research and information that it gives them.

Even the City, which a few weeks ago was expressing some surprisingly vehement complaints about the Government as insufficiently Conservative, will probably have been mollified by the form of Mr. Lloyd's tax on short-term speculative gains. This seems likely to be in fact a tiny little tax, though the complications of administering it probably won't be so tiny. If it persuades trade unions that the taxation of income of one kind or another has been made more fair, many industrialists (though perhaps not stockbrokers) may consider it not too high a price.

But the basic uneasiness inside industry about Whitehall economic policy—which certainly does persist—isn't about details. It's the fear that in spite of high-sounding words about incomes policy and longer-term planning, the Treasury has not really moved at all from one central idea. And that idea, its critics feel, is that any vigorous expansion of home demand inside Britain tends to endanger the country's balance of payments—with businessmen becoming uninterested in exports because they can sell the goods more easily at home, and foreign capital liable to be withdrawn from what it considers a country prone to inflation. Policy-makers imbued with such a doctrine—which is a plausible one, most certainly—are not likely to take any chances on growth. Hence, many businessmen would feel, Budgets like this one.

Plausible or not, this is a doctrine supremely unlikely to attract the sympathy of lively-minded businessmen. The essence of such men's success generally comes from driving ahead wherever opportunities present themselves. They value prudence, admittedly, but they seldom hold back in one market in order to reserve one's efforts for other markets that may be inherently more dubious and perhaps less profitable. They would rather expand enough to sell in all markets. And the Whitehall idea that the British home market must be made difficult and unprofitable, in order to force businessmen here to go overseas to seek their profits, naturally doesn't appeal to them.

The export market can, on occasion, be highly profitable for a business with some new product that for a time no foreign supplier can match or perhaps for some outstanding luxury item with an unassailable *cachet* of its own. In general, however, selling goods overseas takes more time and trouble than selling them near home. Distributors abroad, who are also taking a chance, want bigger margins. So profits on exports are smaller; given a choice of selling the article at home or abroad, the home market almost always makes better commercial sense to the individual firm.

Not everyone in the Treasury understands this, or at least is prepared to admit it. Most of those who do show an immediate, negative reaction—*i.e.*, make things so difficult at home that export trade will become comparatively attractive. And though the emphasis differs from time to time, that's roughly what Whitehall keeps on trying to do. By restraint on home demand, its policy-makers feel that slack can be engendered in overburdened industries at home—making room for export production. Certainly plenty of industries in the Midlands are now reporting that their output is below capacity.

For the immediate future, this deep-seated difference of attitude is showing itself in disagreement over the chances for exports this year. For once the Treasury professes great and sustained optimism. It is sure that exports are going to rise sharply. All the indications in the world market, it says, are favourable; British business is better placed to get exports than it has been for years, providing it seizes its opportunities. This is the main reason why it hasn't been willing to stimulate demand at home to any degree this spring; and also why it declares that no "artificial" incentives for exporters are advisable.

Businessmen themselves are not at present quite so ebullient about exports: and they note that the Treasury has been predicting this sharp rise since last autumn. There has been a mild rise in export deliveries but nothing very impressive. Their order books abroad are well booked up, but not much more so than a year ago. Moreover, they dislike the idea of holding down the home market in order to promote exports. And a sizeable proportion of them are arguing that if exports are so vital to the nation, they should be made more profitable to the individual business. One Ministerial spokesman recently rather loftily dismissed the idea of giving any special incentives to exporters with the words, "People shouldn't need to be bribed to do their duty." The businessman might retort that his primary, contractual duty is to seek the maximum profit for his shareholders. And it might be wise of the Government to bring about a business climate in which those two kinds of duty don't conflict.

A Land-Rover fitted for crop-spraying and equipped with the air-cushion conversion developed by Vickers-Armstrongs (South Marston) Limited. The air cushion is provided by two centrifugal fans driven by a second Land-Rover engine mounted behind the driver's cabin. A light metal superstructure, fitted around the vehicle, acts as ducting for the air cushion which is maintained by the flexible, synthetic rubber skirt. The cushion takes weight off the wheels so that the vehicle can be driven over waterlogged or other difficult surfaces without being bogged down. Vickers stated that if there was sufficient demand they could offer the conversion kit for about £2,000

A view of the stator winding shop at the English Electric Company's Netherton Works, where water turbines ordered for South America will be designed and manufactured

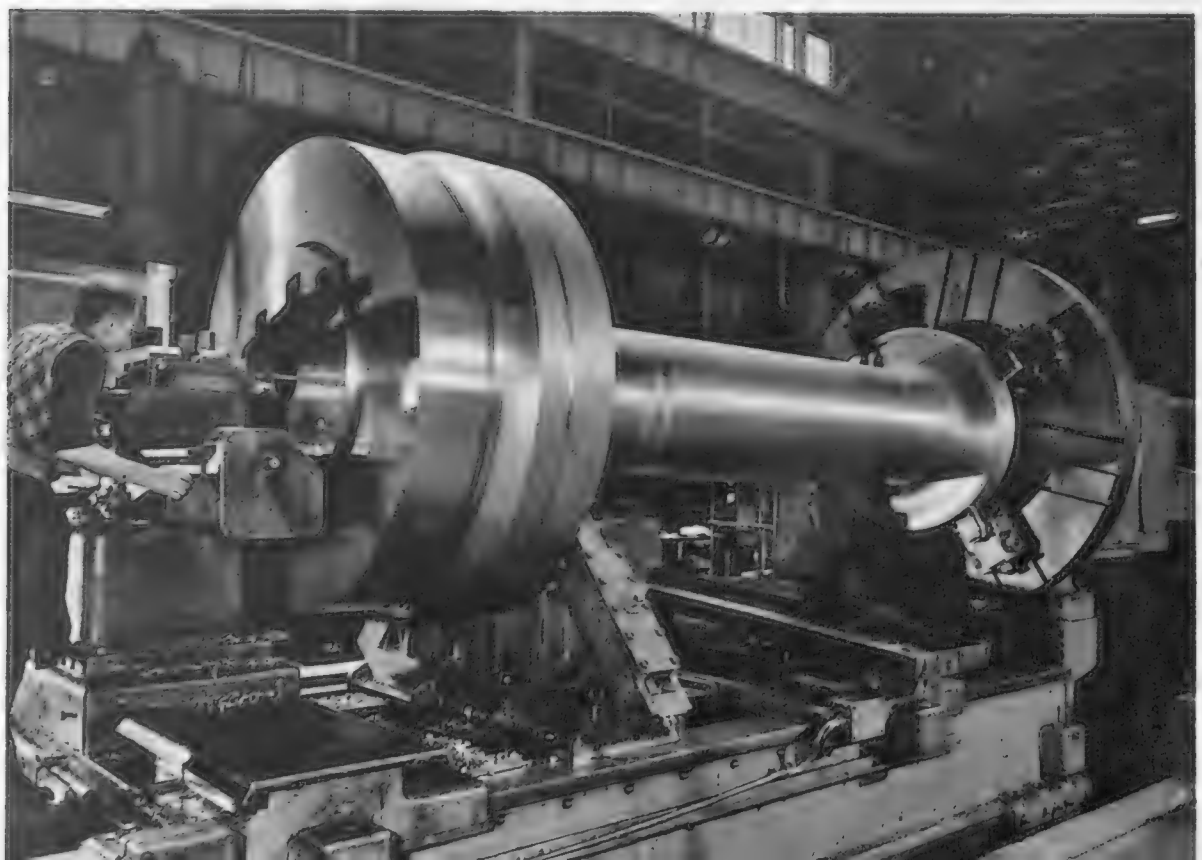
The factories shown in the pictures on this page are the English Electric Company's Netherton Works, in Lancashire, two of the works of the Davy-Ashmore Group and the Filton Works of British Aircraft Corporation.

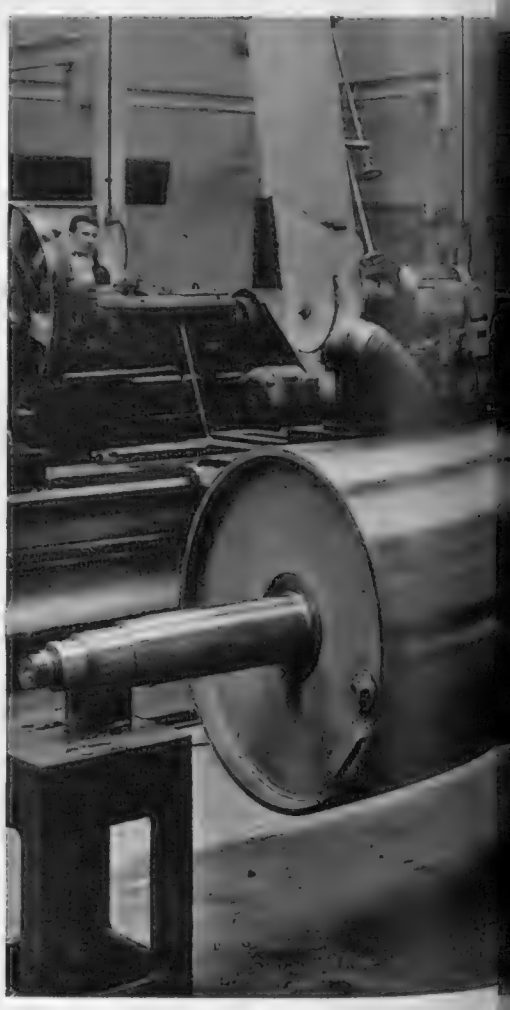
At Netherton, English Electric are making six 37,500-kVA generators for the Squaw Rapids power station of the Saskatchewan Power Corporation. Squaw Rapids, which is situated on the Saskatchewan River, is part of the Canadian Government's plan for the further development of Saskatchewan's 1,000,000-horse-power hydro-electric potential.

The oxygen steel-making plant being made at Davy-Ashmore's is on a massive scale. The weight of the trunnions and trunnion ring as shown is 120 tons; the total weight of the assembly seen in the picture is 473 tons. Into the trunnion ring will be fitted the converter vessel, which will weigh 143 tons. These are being made for the Newcastle Works in New South Wales of The Broken Hill Proprietary Company Ltd. The cooling roll depicted is of 30 ins. outside diameter by 136 ins. face length. It has recently been supplied to Black-Clawson International Ltd. for paper-converting machinery to be exported to Scandinavia. The roll was clad on the face length with 18/10 low carbon steel to 0·095 in. finished thickness.

Construction for the first batch of One-Eleven short range jet airliners is now under way at four factories of British Aircraft Corporation at Luton, Weybridge, Filton and Hurn. The first flight is planned for early next year and a full certificate of airworthiness is to be obtained in June 1964. Twenty-four of the aircraft have been ordered so far. The One-Eleven is a sixty-nine-seat aircraft powered by two Rolls-Royce Spey turbofan engines which are mounted on the rear of the fuselage.

SHAPES OF POWER





A double-shell cooling roll, clad at Rose, Downs and T
Left: The shaft for one of the six generators being m
rear fuselage light frames at the Filton factory of Britis A

The trunnion ring, tilting gear and drive box assembly for a 200-ton-capacity oxygen converter furnace, being built by Davy-Ashmore for The Broken Hill Proprietary Company Ltd.

ompson Ltd. of Hull, a member of the Davy-Ashmore Group. ade at English Electric's Netherton Works. **Right:** Final assembly of the rcraft Corporation. The operator is squeeze-riveting one of the frames

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

IMPOST ON ICE

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's decision to impose a 15 per cent. tax on ice-cream brings a vigorous growth industry for the first time into the Revenue's net. Unilever, whose world-wide sales of food are running at nearly £1,000,000 a day, disclose that in one major sector sales rose by 50 per cent. during 1961. Unilever directors say that a year of vigorous expansion brought higher sales.

Unilever control the Wall's ice-cream business in Britain, now a major unit in what has become an industry of mainly big firms. The size of the major firms in ice-cream stems from two factors. One is the economies that can be realised by producing large quantities from a particular plant. Second, and even more important, is the advantage of running an ice-cream group together with an allied food business. Thus Unilever have an important frozen food side while Wall's have moved into meat processing—partly to employ plant when sales of ice-cream, iced lollies and so on, are seasonally low.

For Unilever, ice-cream sales throughout Europe represent a useful part of their total food business, which in turn forms a large part of their overall sales turnover. But ice-cream alone can hardly exert a decisive influence on global earnings. Over recent years these have reflected growing competition in the detergent market and, especially over the past year or so, mounting political and economic difficulties.

For Lyons, as for Unilever, ice-cream represents an important but far from dominant part of the total business. Lyons have built up an important sale of ice-cream and frozen foods, helped by the distribution outlets provided by their own shops and catering division. Like Unilever, Lyons operate on a sufficiently large scale to make sizeable ice-cream production worth while.

Both Lyons and Unilever are to a large extent food producing companies. This description applies to a rather different degree to Union International, a third large group which produces Eldorado ice-cream. Union International, which represents the Vestey family interest, ranks as one of the largest remaining privately-owned companies in Britain. The 1961 balance sheet revealed assets of more than £75,000,000. With Union International, both ice-cream and frozen foods appear to have developed from their refrigerated shipping fleet and the giant frozen stores for meat at London's Smithfield market.

Along with their ice-cream business, Union International have moved like Unilever and Lyons into retailing. Through Dewhurst shops Union International sell meat to the public. Through Downs self-service shops a wider range of goods reach consumers—including Union International's own canned products.

This rapid growth in the ice-cream business had attracted other firms. For one thing, ice-cream is a natural offshoot of milk and dairying. Secondly, ice-cream is sold through a large number of retail outlets, so that a small group can move relatively easily into the sales side—even if it may not realise the full manufacturing and other economies open to larger concerns.

Two medium-sized companies have recently expanded in the ice-cream market with a good deal of success. One is the Northern Dairies group based on Hull. Northern have a 50 per cent. share in Mr. Whippy (Holdings) whose soft ice-cream has proved popular. Speaking at the end of last year, the chairman reported that the ice-cream side had produced better results and that the Mr. Whippy interest—whose profits have still to be included in group results—had surpassed expectations.

One intriguing reference in Unilever's recent report was to the competition in ice-cream sales from mobile vendors. This seems a compliment to groups such as Tonibell Manufacturing, whose shares have only recently been quoted on the London Stock Exchange. Tonibell's speciality lies in mobile shop distribution. Tonibell does not draw profits from its distribution companies, but these provide virtually the sole retail outlet for the manufacturing business. Tonibell's share marketing proved a striking success, partly because profits have been growing fast. Earnings improved from only £15,000 in 1955 and £155,000 in eight months of 1960.

Tonibell are moving into the soft ice-cream trade (where capital costs are relatively heavy) and last summer formed a new group with G. F. Lovell to operate in Wales.

While the growth possibilities of the ice-cream trade are clear, short-term expansion may well be restrained by the new surcharge. Profit margins seem generally too small to allow manufacturers to absorb the extra 15 per cent. Neither Unilever nor Lyons are engaged mainly in ice-cream, while shares in Union International cannot be bought by the public. Northern Dairies and Tonibell are more closely related to the ice-cream business, but both shares offer small yields.

For the average investor, a compromise is possible. Unilever is an outstanding industrial investment, partly on grounds of size and management record, and partly because of its large interest in Europe. Alongside their other business, Unilever are selling ice-cream in Holland and Scandinavia. Any investor should do well with Unilever shares—unless current income is of prime importance. But people who are impressed by the investment attractions of ice-cream could supplement Unilever shares by those of, say, Northern Dairies.

The new Ford Zodiac Mark III has been completely restyled and is capable of 100 m.p.h. **Left** is the luxurious interior of the new Ford. The instruments include a ribbon-type speedometer with trip recorder and an electric clock. **Below:** The Zodiac being test-driven at speed

MOTORING

NEW 100 M.P.H. SALOON

The Zodiac Mark III; the East African Safari rally

By COURTENAY EDWARDS

The Ford Motor Company's Easter egg for British motorists was a new luxury Zodiac—the Mark III—with a new all-synchromesh four-speed gear-box, power-assisted Girling disc brakes as a standard fitting, improved springing, four sealed-beam headlamps and an entirely new " Universal " look.

It is Dagenham's first 100-m.p.h. car and it has a 0-60 m.p.h. acceleration figure of 15 seconds. It gets this urge from a 2,553-c.c., 6-cylinder engine which uses the same cylinder block as the Mark II Zodiac, but which is new in most other respects, with revised cylinder head, valves, compression ratio and manifolds.

After I had tried out this impressive new Ford in the Home Counties and at Silverstone the other day, Mr. Ernie Page, the development engineer responsible for the new Zodiac, told me he found himself with a choice of two alternative ways of making it do 100 m.p.h. with its 2·5-litre engine: increase the number of carburettors from one to three (the porting arrangements precluded the use of two); or fit a split exhaust system with twin exhaust pipes.

He chose the latter and found the improved breathing gave him an increase of 5½ b.h.p. Mr. Page's colleague, Mr. Roy Brown, a Canadian who was responsible for the Zodiac's styling, told me that in view of the fact that about 50 per cent. of all Zodiac production will be sold abroad, he had aimed for a true Continental appearance.

He has succeeded. The front end reminds one of the U.S., the roofline of Italy, the outward-curving body sides of Britain and the rear end of Germany. The new Zodiac, whose standard fixtures include an unusually efficient heater, cigar-lighter, electric clock and screen washers (which should be compulsory on every car) costs £1,071, including 45 per cent. tax, £34 more than the old Zodiac at the old tax rate. But automatic transmission now costs £110 extra. That is largely because they are using the new Borg-Warner Type 35 gear-box, which is smaller and lighter. The seats are a better shape, but I think they still do not support the small of the back as well as they should. There is an imitation walnut veneer finish for the fascia which I do not like because it is so palpably artificial.

But the Zodiac has plenty of good points, including easy-closing doors, simple servicing (the chassis only needs the grease gun at intervals of 5,000 miles, when the engine oil should be changed, anyway) and a heater fan which is so silent they have had to provide a warning light to remind the driver it is on.

Other novel features include a roomy glove box which hinges downwards for easy access at the touch of a button; a parking switch that enables you to leave the car at night with only one front sidelight burning; and side windows which curve outwards to give maximum width at shoulder height.

The new Zodiac is 5 ins. lower than the old one, there is a ribbon-type speedometer, the screen-wipers are electric and of variable speed, the tailored spare wheel cover has a tool pocket, and there is a choice of twelve body colours. Optional extras include overdrive, individual, fully-reclining seats and real leather upholstery.

A team of the new Zodiacs has been entered for the tough, 3,080-mile East African Safari rally due to start at Nairobi on Thursday of this week and end next Monday. Ford have won the Safari team prize for three years running and are going all out this year for an outright win. What a wonderful send-off that would give the new Zodiac !

The rally route takes competitors over fantastically crude roads through the bush in Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. Control points include Kampala, Dar-es-Salaam and Mombasa. Drivers have to be on their guard at all times against the risk of finding the road blocked, round any corner, by wild game, from elephants downwards.

This is a rally for really standard production cars; just like those you see in the showrooms, except that things like sump guards and spotlights can be added. It is a gruelling test of man and machine and last year I counted in only 38 finishers out of 77 starters.

In addition to the Zodiacs and some privately-entered Anglias, Britain will be represented in the Safari by such names as Rover, Sunbeam Rapier, Humber, Austin, Morris, Hillman, Standard and Triumph. Chief foreign opposition will come from Mercedes-Benz, Ford Falcon (Australian-built), Volkswagen and Saab (including one driven by Britain's Pat Moss and Ann Wisdom). Other oversea makes will include Renault, Fiat, Auto-Union, Peugeot, Simca and Holden (from Australia).

I am flying to Nairobi for the rally and will bring you news of how the new Zodiacs perform against a truly international field in one of the world's most remarkable test of cars and their drivers.

These are exciting days in the world of motor sport. We are now well into the racing season, even though the Grand Prix Championship programme does not begin until the Dutch Grand Prix (which is also the European Grand Prix) at Zandvoort on Sunday, May 20.

The British Automobile Racing Club has a good programme laid on for its Easter meeting at Goodwood—an international event—on Monday, and the same club's international fixture at Aintree next Saturday should be even more exciting. All the British teams will be there for the 150-mile Formula One race and it is expected that foreign opposition will be offered by two factory-entered Ferraris driven respectively by World Champion Phil Hill and Italy's up-and-coming Giancarlo Baghetti; and a Porsche driven by Sweden's bearded Joachim Bonnier.

The season's line-up of British drivers is now clear. Graham Hill and American Richie Ginther are driving for B.R.M., Bruce McLaren and Tony Maggs for Cooper, and Jim Clark and Trevor Taylor for Lotus. Bowmaker-Yeoman's brand-new Lolas will be driven by John Surtees and Roy Salvadori, and the Lotuses of their " hire purchase " rivals, U.D.T.-Laystall, will be in the hands of Innes Ireland and Masten Gregory.

Stirling Moss is again driving a Lotus for Rob Walker and other " independents " are Tony Marsh (B.R.M.), Jack Lewis (B.R.M. of the new Ecurie Galloise), Ian Burgess (Cooper of the Anglo-American Equipe), and Jack Brabham, former world champion (a Cooper initially, a car of his own design later).

Now for the foreign drivers. . . . Ferrari top pilots will be Phil Hill, Giancarlo Baghetti, Lorenzo Bandini and Ricardo Rodriguez. Porsche have Jo Bonnier and America's Dan Gurney (with Holland's de Beaufort driving a privately-entered model) and the colourful, wine-growing Frenchman Maurice Trantignant will also be around in various cars.

Technically speaking, the season promises an interesting battle, as the Grand Prix circus goes its rounds of the racing circuits of Europe, between Britain's new V-8 engines (Coventry-Climax units for Cooper, Lotus and Lola, and the new B.R.M. power plant), Porsche's new air-cooled " flat eight " and the powerful V-6 Ferrari units with cylinder blocks inclined at various angles.

A Land-Rover of the Surrey garage firm of F. W. Mays and Co. tows a crashed car on a new kind of breakdown trailer evolved by the firm. The damaged vehicle is winched up a sloping ramp which is lowered to the horizontal for towing. On occasion more damage is caused to a car pulling it out of a ditch than it suffers going into it. Some insurance companies are concerned about damage repair bills being thus inflated. The new trailer eliminates the risk

Briefly. . . . More than 200,000 trees and shrubs will be planted this year to blend Britain's new motorways and trunk roads into the landscape. . . . Members of the Mercedes-Benz Club of Great Britain, formed in 1952 and now claiming a membership of over 400, are taking part in an international rally at Stuttgart (where Mercedes-Benz cars are made) in July. . . . Channel Air Bridge have successfully inaugurated their " deep penetration " car ferry services to Switzerland with four-engined Carvair aircraft which hold five or six cars and twenty-five passengers. . . . The last major contract (for £526,479) for the construction of the Dartford-Purfleet road tunnel under the Thames has now been placed. It is expected the tunnel will be opened to traffic next spring. . . . The Minister of Transport this week launched Rospa's " Road Training " safety campaign which, under the popular title " Learn to Live," aims at expanding the country's training schemes. . . . The Rootes Group is forming an international self-drive car hire organisation which will cover Britain, Eire and, later, the Common Market countries.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

Since the opening in London of the Australian Wine Centre it has become much easier to form one's own opinion of Australian wines, for a representative selection of the best varieties is always available there. A visit to the centre where serious inquirers will receive a friendly welcome is an eye-opener, and several misconceptions prevalent in connection with these wines will be corrected.

One myth often repeated, but never proved, is the remark: "The Australians make some very good wines, but they keep the best for their own drinking and only export their second best." I am now convinced that this has no foundation in fact. It has probably been spread around by visiting Australians, when they could not find in England the particular wine they have liked at home, as generally a British wine merchant does not carry more than a limited number of lines. The new Centre with its wide selection should remove this cause.

Another unfortunate custom in Australian wine is the practice of naming the wines after European wine regions, to which they bear only a superficial resemblance. The exception is port. The use of this name is prohibited by law on account of an Anglo-Portuguese agreement, so they are called simply "dessert" wines, with the specific description of Ruby, Tawny, White, etc. In the case of sherry, the use of the name is not restricted, and many Australian sherries are acceptable, not as substitutes of Spanish ones, but in their own right.

Red table wines are invariably described as Claret or Burgundy, and this is slightly misleading, for the resemblance is only there in the most general terms. The so-called clarets are invariably more full-bodied than the wines of Bordeaux, due to the quicker ripening of the grapes and their high sugar content. The grapes used are mainly "Cabernet Sauvignon," "Shiraz" or "Red Hermitage." A new, but up to now not very widespread practice is to label the wine with the name of the grapes it is made of. The "Burgundies" are very full with a deep colour and high alcohol content. Many of these have been marketed for a long time in this country under brand names in flagon-shaped bottles and have attributed to them medicinal properties. More recently they have become available in ordinary bottles at quite reasonable prices. The grapes used are mainly "Shiraz" and "Pinot."

The fortunate climatic conditions which help the sound ripening of the grapes in the sun and discourage some of the worst diseases of the vine make for good vintages year after year. This and the fact that the wines can be drunk young makes the printing of vintage years on labels unusual in Australia, the assumption being that every year is equally good, and in any case even the best red wines reach their peak in three to four years at the most. Consequently there is no point in laying down vintages on a long-term basis.

In the case of white wines one must also not be misled by the names. Most of them are called Hock, Chablis or Sauternes. The hocks are usually made of Riesling grapes, and are often called after them, but other grapes are used as well. They are indeed light, pale and slightly green-tinged. The "Chablis" is quite unlike that from France, it has not the refined dryness, but is a fuller, richer wine than the "hock,"

Grapes being picked at a vineyard between Barossa Valley and Mildura in South-East Austra

Seppelt's vineyards at Seppeltsfield, near Tanunda, in South Australia

Weighing wine grapes during the Barossa Valley Festival grape-picking championships

fruity, soft and round, mainly made of the Semillon grape picked in a ripe condition. The "Sauternes" have more resemblance to the sweet Graves in their lightness and neutral thinness, making much more of a sweet beverage wine than the real Sauternes.

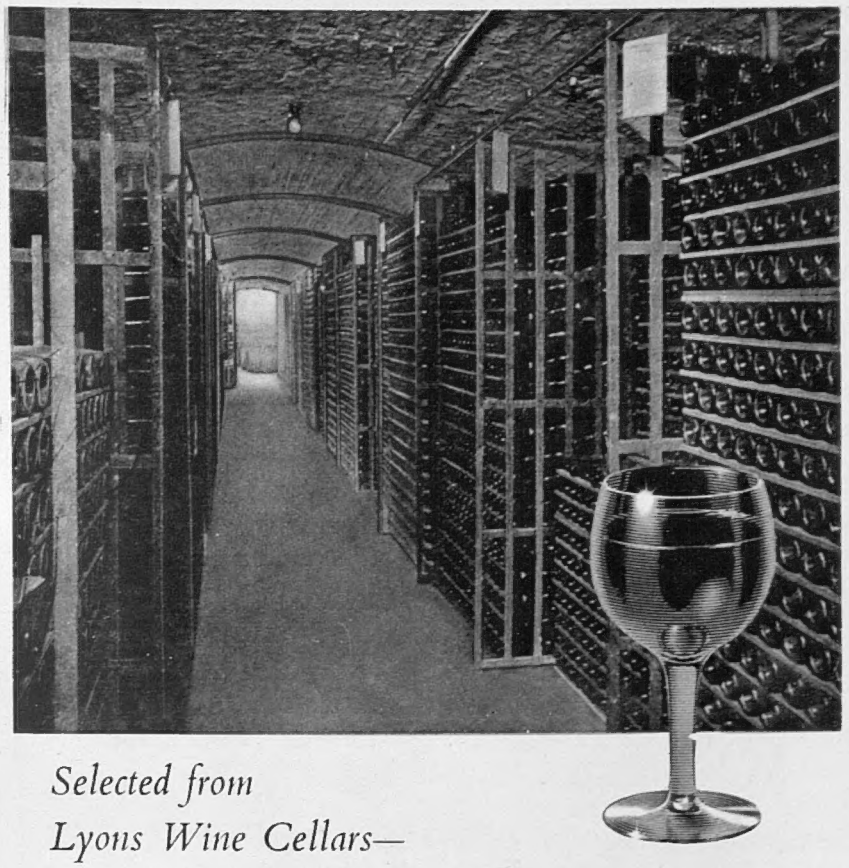
Since the first vines were introduced into Australia in 1788 vine growing and wine-making have made tremendous progress. In this favourable, dry and warm climate most of the vines imported from Europe's wine regions have prospered, and today wine is made on a very large scale, employing the most modern equipment and cultivation methods allied with a thorough application of the science of oenology.

Although in most areas of Southern Australia the vineyards consist of smallholdings, the best wines are made by a few very large concerns, whose names on wine labels guarantee a purity and a high standard of quality. Each of these, of whom Seppelt, Lindeman, Hardy, Château Tahbilk are the best known, makes every kind of wine from sherry, "ruby," "tawny," and muscatel to the various red and white table wines mentioned above. The absence of vintages, and the labelling with such household names in addition to the type of wine and sometimes the grapes used, makes for easy understanding of Australian wines.

Indeed the study of Australian wines could be regarded as the first step in learning about wine, for an important variable present in other wine lores, that of vintage, is absent. Another fact which makes them suitable for the beginner is the relatively low cost. High productivity, the absence of bad years and pests, and to some extent Empire preference, more than outweigh the high freight charges, and make Australian wines good value for money in Britain.

Wine production in Penfold's Cellars in Adelaide

Wine-tasting after the Barossa Valley championships



Selected from
Lyons Wine Cellars—
the cellar of a million bottles:

CHATEAU BATAILLEY (PAUILLAC) 1955 — 13/6 & 7/3
CHATEAU MONTROSE (ST. ESTEPHE) 1957 — 14/6 & 7/9

LYONS WINE CELLARS
(J. Lyons & Company Ltd.)
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WE WERE ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE COTSWOLDS. The rolling terrain, the steep defiles of the valleys, the architecture of cottages and mansions indicated that we would shortly see signposts directing us to Cotswold names such as Burford, Bibury and Cirencester.

To ask me for a central spot from which to tour the Cotswolds is about as difficult as to name the City Centre of Los Angeles. When I asked an American cop this, some years back, his reply was "Sure, you have asked me a darned difficult question. We have some six centres competing for that honour. Yes, sir, it is a real controversy."

The Cotswold country extends into ten counties, but for those who have an urge to enjoy Cotswold scenery I have picked out a few centres from which I have pottered around with contentment.

Around Amberley, 600 ft. up, 3 miles from industrial Stroud and with extensive views over the Severn valley, there stands a trio of good hotels, each with distinct characteristics. The *Amberley Inn* has not age to its credit, but for the thirty years I have known it, it has been the focal point for good food and wine. Varied choice and elasticity of meal times are the order of every day, and there are twelve letting bedrooms.

The *Bear of Rodborough*, on another edge of Minchinhampton Common (an 18-hole golf course on it, by the way !), is a first-class base.

Moor Court Hotel, catering more for residential than a transitory trade; this is a good hotel to note for country-house comfort and contentment. Burford is an admirable centre with its bow-windowed shops, tree-lined sidewalks and small, attractive hotels. Turn off into Sheep Street and you will come to the appropriately named *Lamb Inn*, a surprisingly pleasant find for newcomers, and always a joy to habituées. Owned for many years by the North Lewis family, they attract a discriminating clientele, who are quick to appreciate good kitchen craft, cellar knowledge, all-round comfort, a charming garden and best, but not by any means least, a stone-flagged bar.

In the main street the *Bull Inn* is one of Burford's hostelries, owned—I believe—by a local syndicate. It has much eye attraction within. Its bar is a local focal-point. Restaurant and Buttery much patronised by motorists, and as soon as the oak and ash don their new clothing, the bedroom accommodation is much in demand. 16 bedrooms.

Within a few miles of Burford are two further alternatives, well worth bearing in mind according to one's pocket and taste. *The Old Swan*, Minster Lovell, is a famous Cotswold inn which is being run with forethought and intelligence by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Luke Robinson—themselves appreciative and insistent on a good food standard; and one is not likely to be disappointed, especially as one's hosts are welcoming, the service sympathetic and the wine list designed to suit every taste. A praiseworthy inn to stay at, for a great deal of detailed thought has been put in to provide bedroom accommodation that is comforting, comely and complete.

The second of my Burford offshoots is a small homely guest house, the *Montrose*, in the tucked-away village of Taynton. Here Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Graham do the honours in a friendly and capable way. Once the old vicarage, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Graham modernised and re-furnished it in 1957 to run it into line with modern ideas of comfort. For those who seek sound home-cooking and a friendly environment with weekly inclusive terms in the 9 guineas range, *Montrose Guest House* can be well recommended.

Two obvious Cotswold centres are Cirencester and Cheltenham. But 14 miles from each other they are in no sense rivals, for the former relies for its charm on mellow Cotswold architecture, its magnificent parish church and the local attractions of the *King's Head*, *Fleece* (a Trust House) and *Crown Hotels*, where farming and hunting seem the main topic of conversation. All these three offer, besides their restaurant and bars, good residential accommodation. A fourth hotel which has come into the limelight of recent years is *Stratton Hotel*, half a mile out on the Gloucester road. Successive owners have in the process of time transformed it from an unlicensed residential country-house hotel to a fully licensed one, catering especially for a transient business clientele, tourists and for school half-terms.

Cheltenham is the one *big* centre for the Cotswolds and should suit those who like to intermingle their sightseeing with shopping and social events. The Cheltenham Races, Cricket Week, and Arts Festival are times when the Cotswold tourist is likely to be crowded out, but there is much to be said for it in other times than high season.

There are nearly a score of first-class hotels and lesser accommodation is innumerable. I do not pretend to know them all, but the following have served me well and I have no reason to doubt that they will continue to do so. *The Queen's*, the largest, 71 bedrooms and a Trust House, dominates the Promenade. Nearby in St. George's Road, this progressive organisation now own the 44-bedroom *George*, a useful asset for those seeking accommodation in the 26s. bed and breakfast line.

The Savoy, in Bayshall Road, has come much to the fore since Mr. A. P. Walliman, an experienced Swiss hotelier, took it over, and its restaurant, grill-room and bar are increasingly popular locally.

A semi-residential hotel that I have great regard for is the *Ellenborough* in Oriel Road, just off the Promenade, close to the Town Hall and shops. For many years the running of this hotel has been the personal affair of Mrs. Margaret Davies and her long-service staff. For those who prefer to be a short distance from the town, there are at least two good choices. Three miles out on the Oxford (A.49) road, the entrance gates to *Rossley Manor Country Club* will be found. The premier of Country House Clubs in Britain, it has been established thirty-one years. Run strictly on club lines, temporary membership is available by the day or week.

On the Cheltenham-Stroud-Bath road, *Greenway Hotel*, Shurdington, is located. *Very* first class, it is a sixteenth-century country house, with a far-flung reputation for comfort and catering.

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